

THE CRITIC

JOURNAL OF BRITISH AND FOREIGN LITERATURE AND THE ARTS:

A Guide for the Library and Book-Club, and Booksellers' Circular.

(PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.)

NEW SERIES, No. 80, VOL. IV.

SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1846.

Price 4d.
Stamped Edition, 5d.

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JOURNAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Twenty-four Years in the Argentine Republic, &c. By COL. J. ANTHONY KING, an officer in the service of the Republic. London, 1846. Longman and Co.

COL. J. ANTHONY KING was born at New York. After a troublous youth, his natural love of adventure prevailed, and in the year 1817, being then about the age of fourteen, he fairly took to his heels, and shaking the dust of his native city from his feet, went forth to push his fortunes in the wide world. After divers struggles, privations, sufferings, and successes, he enrolled himself among the troops of the Argentine Republic. In this service he shared innumerable difficulties and dangers, was present at many a well-foughten field, beheld human nature in countless uncommon phases, assisted in pulling down and setting up we know not how many governments, and all these rare adventures he has here narrated for the amusement of the world; and a more pleasant book has not come to our hands during the season now drawing to its close. It is not one that admits of criticism; it lays no claim to notice on the score of graces of style; it is a plain, straightforward narrative, by a plain unpretending man, who desires only to tell his story in the language that comes most readily to his lips, and which, after all, is usually the most graphic, and really charms the reader far more than the carefully turned sentences and elaborated paragraphs of the professional writer.

With these preliminary explanations, no other duty remains but to present to our readers such specimens of the work as may convey to them a general knowledge of the nature of its contents, and at the same time afford them some amusement.

Col. KING finds it necessary at the very outset to deprecate the reader's expected incredulity as to the atrocities reported of ROSAS. He says:—

The statements presented in this work may perhaps appear to the general reader mysterious and incomprehensible. I know it will be difficult for him to realise these atrocities; yet I have not only told nothing but the truth, but what has been told affords only a clue to the actual horrors committed. I have, as a general feature, confined my statements to occurrences that fell under my own knowledge, and of these I have recorded but few. Hence the facts that I have given serve only as examples in the terrible account. In a pamphlet published by Don José Rivera Indarte, at Monte Video, in the year 1843, a table is given containing the names of the principal victims of ROSAS' policy, together with the manner of their several deaths, and to that table is appended the following summary of persons who died for opinion's sake alone, viz.:—

Poisoned.....	4
Throats cut.....	3,765
Shot.....	1,393
Assassinated.....	722

Total..... 5,884

Add to this the number killed in battle, and executed by military orders, at a very moderate computation 16,520, and we have by this statement a grand total of 22,404 victims to the sanguinary propensities of this man ROSAS, who still lives and governs a portion of the American continent, and with whom the civilised nations of the earth are on terms of friendship! We may well exclaim,

Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer cloud
Without our special wonder?

We may well look, too, for incredulity on the part of those who, living under the blessings of good government, have never dreamed that such things can be.

Here is an instance of his sanguinary doings in the case of the RANAFE family:—

Soon after this, ROSAS repeated his order for the arrest of the RANAFES, and directed RODRIGUEZ to send them forthwith to Buenos Ayres; but instead of an immediate compliance, the governor sent in his intercession on their behalf, urging the tyrant to withdraw his order, at the same time expressing his earnest conviction of their innocence. Little did he suppose that in such a course he would compromise his own safety, without in the least degree benefitting his friends. The characteristic reply to this offer of mediation was a corps of cavalry, who very speedily made prisoners of three of the brothers (among them the late governor), and conveyed them to Buenos Ayres; the fourth had taken the alarm, and wisely made his escape from the country. Arrived at the capital, the three were thrown into a single stone dungeon, without either bed or bench, and here they were held in a most miserable confinement for a space of several months, during which time their sister Dona PANCIA RANAFE, who had followed them to Buenos Ayres, plied the heartless ROSAS with petitions, entreating the poor privilege of visiting her brothers in their confinement, and ministering as she best might to their immediate comfort. Even this was denied; not so much as the sympathies of one congenial bosom were allowed to soften the horrors of their imprisonment, and they were left to suffer, and to bear in all the fulness of misery, the mandate of the tyrant. Sickness, the result of their comfortless situation, wore them to skeletons, and finally relieved one of them at the same time from the sufferings of life and the power of his tormentor. Having myself been for some time past engaged in mercantile pursuits, my business called me three or four times a year to Buenos Ayres, and I was there during the latter part of the time the RANAFES were in confinement. I saw their sister in all the anguish of her despair, yet I could not find one spark of comfort to bestow upon her, for I knew that her brothers were doomed. ROSAS had wrought himself into a position that was critical; he had already

in blood
Stept in so far, that, should he wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er;

and it was by terror alone that he could keep down the ebullitions of the public mind. Victims must be sacrificed to overawe the people, and a man once imprisoned on his order was a man doomed to death. The time at length arrived when it was announced that the Ranafes were to be shot in the market-square, in company with another victim named Santes Pares, who had also been in some way implicated in the same charge. Although I had long expected this order, I heard the announcement with a shudder. Memory, like a winged spirit, flew back upon the past, and gathering the scattered fragments of her train, discharged them like a volcano on my mind. I saw again the tall uncourtly *guacho*, as he had been presented to me by Latorre, too unsophisticated to be vicious, but with a mind as yielding and impressible as wax. Again I saw him governor of Cordova, holding, as with the hand of childhood, the reins of power, and guiding the capricious throng as one who trembled, not for himself, but for his charge. I thought again of our *tertulias* and *conversaciones*,—of his pliant spirit, of the insidious wiles of Rosas to win him to himself, of his ultimate self-confidence, his deposition, arrest, imprisonment, and now, to crown the whole, in bold relief stood out the order for his execution! "Ah, my poor friend!" I exclaimed, when this order was announced, "I, at least, will not be a witness to your murder." At the time of the execution I shut myself up in my room, which was at a house situated only about three squares from the scene of blood: from that spot I heard the report of the volley that sent them to eternity, and covering my face with my hands, I uttered a malediction on their murderer. Soon after the execution, I had occasion to pass near the market-square, and to my horror saw the three bodies, still reeking with blood, hanging in chains upon a gibbet over the spot where they had died. Some persons who had witnessed the execution informed me, that a moment before the fatal shot was given, Pares called out to the bystanders, "Rosas is the murderer of Quiroga!" Soon after this tragedy was performed at Buenos Ayres, Governor Rodriguez shared a similar fate at Cordova. His intercession on behalf of the Ranafes had been sufficient to excite the doubts and fears of Rosas; and his hesitation to execute an order without questioning its propriety was no less than an evidence of treason. He was therefore taken outside the town, out of respect to the feelings of the people of Cordova, who were not yet used to these scenes, and disposed of in the usual manner.

From scenes like these, let us turn to others more interesting and more pleasing. On the occasion of a defeat, Col. KING took refuge among one of the native tribes, and he has presented us with these graphic pictures of

THE CHIRIVIONE INDIANS.

The entire western portion of the Granchaco (1,500 miles from the sea) is inhabited by various tribes of Indians; but in the southern region of the river Pilcomayo, and eastward of that river, civilisation has begun to build its habitation. The territory is bounded on its whole eastern line by Paragua, and is separated from the country by the river Paragua, into which the Pilcomayo empties by two large branches. The journey, as we made no haste, and probably travelled a good deal out of our way, occupied about one month, during all of which we saw not a human being except ourselves. Our route lay across one of the most beautiful countries that I had ever beheld. The face of the country was of rolling prairie, similar to that of some of the western of the United States, clothed with short grass and myriads of flowers, interspersed with wood and stream, and covered with herds of wild cattle and game, on which we found a convenient subsistence. As we neared the towns, which we had seen at a distance, we saw occasional plots of growing corn, and flocks of sheep; and finally encountered a small body of warriors, each armed with a short spear, and with no covering except a cloth about the loins. The only ornament which they wore was singular enough; a button fastened so as to cover the hollow of the under lip, by passing the eye of the button through the lip near the roots of the teeth, and securing it with some small object on the inside; this every man wore. Their complexion was of a clear, light

copper colour, and their features and forms regular and symmetrical. By this band, who kept at a respectful distance, we were notified to halt; and, without a word or sign further than that, they immediately despatched a messenger to the towns to make known our approach. The messenger soon returned with others, and by signs we were directed to advance, the Indians still keeping their position at about forty paces from us. We followed as they led; and at about half a mile, on reaching the summit of a high roll, we discovered the entire body of their warriors, numbering about five hundred, drawn up in a single line to receive us. What would be their disposal of us was of course a mystery, and the source of much surmise; but accustomed as we had been to the merciless usage of our own race few of us expected any thing but death at the hands of the savage. Having arrived within about fifty yards of their line, a signal was given that we should again halt. We obeyed; and immediately four of their body advanced about fifteen paces towards us, and made a sign of friendship, by placing the right hand upon the left breast. We replied by making the same sign. They then ordered us by signs to dismount which was instantly complied with. Ponci and myself then advanced; and as we neared the chief, he pronounced the Spanish word "*Amigo! Amigo!*" (Friend! friend!) I answered with the same word. He then demanded, in broken Spanish, that we should give them our horses. This was evidently a test of our sincerity. I replied, that he should have them, provided they were restored to us; and immediately had the horses led forward, and placed in their hands. After about ten minutes, during which time they conversed among themselves, the horses were sent back; and having thus secured their entire confidence, we were at once admitted to their hospitality. We found here a people numbering about two thousand, and living almost in the primitive simplicity of nature, inoffensive and happy; their home a seeming paradise, and their wants but few, and easily gratified. Their women were perfectly beautiful, with skins clear and transparent, softened only by the colour of their clime; their features oval, and without the high cheek-bone of the North American Indians; their graceful forms, which had never known the restraint of stay or bodice; their lithe and active limbs; and, above all, an air of chaste and modest purity, commanded alike the admiration and respect of our whole company. Although living in five distinct communities, each of which planned and executed its own municipal regulations, the whole planted, reaped, and shared their subsistence in common. They were, in fact, one common brotherhood, acting in perfect union of attachment, and each contributing its quota to the general good. Their huts were built of logs, thatched with long grass, and without any floor except the earth; yet they were always kept surprisingly clean. In a corner of each hut was placed a large earthen jar (which they manufactured themselves), measuring about four feet in depth, and nearly the same in diameter, in which was made a beverage called by them *chici*. The drink was made by the fermentation of maize, and bore a strong resemblance to pure ale. Their villages were all built upon high knolls, at distances of about a quarter of a mile; and at about the eighth of a mile from the nearest a spot was pointed out to us for own head-quarters. Nevertheless, though we cooked, ate, and slept, by ourselves, we were permitted very soon to visit their different villages, and mingle indiscriminately with their people, receiving from them at all times the most perfect hospitality and kindness. Like all primitive people, they had their superstitions, one of the most singular of which was, that if they should eat the flesh of sheep, their noses would become flat, like what are called *neatoes*. Being ourselves free from this dread, we did not hesitate to pay respect to their mutton, which was furnished in abundance. Another of their fantasies was, that they must never fight between the evening and the morning, lest the spirit of the night should be offended and destroy their warriors. This proved a fortunate circumstance to us, as will be seen in the sequel. The beauty and health of their place of settlement were much enhanced by the dashing and limpid waters of the Pilcomayo, a considerable stream, which wound directly among their villages, and in which it was the custom of both sexes to bathe, at least once every morning, and generally once also at evening. I have often reclined upon the soft and verdant bank at the side of the river, and watched them in their periodical ablutions;

the old and the young gliding with the utmost grace and ease, and sporting in the clear element, their forms flashing in the sunlight, and their pliant limbs imparting the very eloquence of motion. I believe that I was the first foreigner who had ever been among them, so at least they informed me; and their inoffensive life and simplicity of manner charmed me much. I felt more than once that here was found the first scene of real, unalloyed happiness that I had ever witnessed; and I thought too, that to live thus, a man might well forego the luxuries of civilization, which, with all their splendour, pomp, honour, and fame, are ever embittered with poisons worse than that of the upas. Here was no guile, no selfish considerations to enslave the mind and warp the conscience, no aspirations for a higher destiny, but all was contentment and peace; and I was almost tempted to say, that henceforth "their people shall be my people, that their God should be my God." By their knowledge of the Spanish language, I was enabled to converse with them so as to be readily understood; and on one occasion I broached the subject of religion to one of their chiefs, and asked him if he would not like to become a Christian, and see his people converted? His reply was truly characteristic. Speaking in a low tone, and slowly shaking his head, he said, "Christian! no, no, no. Christian very bad—Christian fight his brother. Chirivione fight his enemy—Chirivione live happy."

THE MATTACAS.

Near San Francisco was a tribe of Indians, known as the Mattacas. They often visited us in small numbers, and I occasionally amused myself by going into their camp, and studying their habits and customs, which afforded a strong contrast to those of my friends the Chiriviones. The one was cleanly, almost to religious scrupulosity; the other in the opposite extreme. This tribe, unlike any other race of men, had a man for their deity; and this is always the oldest member of the tribe. But in order that their deity shall not become common-place, and lose the devotional respect that is due to his character as a god, he is required by their tenets to absent himself from his tribe, and become a recluse, never appearing to them, except at certain stipulated periods. In case of his non-appearance at the appointed time, he is accounted dead, and the next oldest takes his place. I was present at one of these periodical visitations, when the deity no sooner appeared, than all present fell upon their faces in the most abject humility. He remained among them one or two days, giving counsel, and inquiring about their necessities, and again disappeared. Their mode of courtship and marriage is brief and singular, yet differing but little from the manner of some of our North American tribes. Thus, whenever a Mattaca becomes touched with the tender flame, he takes some convenient mode of signifying the same to his "object;" but the method of "popping the question," is by placing before her door at night a bundle of sticks. If the sticks are taken and burned, he is accepted, and the marriage ceremony is over; he has nothing more to do but take his wife. If, however, he finds the bundle of sticks lying in the morning where he placed them at night, he takes his fuel, and goes in search of another Dulcinea. Their treatment of the sick, in certain cases, is indeed any thing but Christian; for whenever one of their people is taken with small-pox, he is placed in the centre of a circular yard, made with pickets for the occasion, supplied with food and drink, and left to his fate. If he recovers, well; if not, he is never sought for by man, woman, or child; so complete is their dread of the disease. The Mattacas are a wandering and indolent race.

The Colonel speaks in glowing language of the country and climate of

BUENOS AYRES.

The words "Buenos Ayres," which, literally translated, signify "good airs," or, as we would say in English, *wholesome atmosphere*, form, perhaps, as appropriate and significant an appellation as could have been given to that part of the country lying on the Rio de la Plata. The atmosphere of the country is generally perfectly free from all miasmatic quality, and is so pure that dead flesh of all kinds, when left in the sun, invariably dries up instead of putrefying. In this manner jerked beef is prepared for exportation; the beef being first cut in

slices, and then hung (without salt) upon a line exposed to the hot rays of the sun; the juices are evaporated, and the solid left as perfectly sweet and wholesome as when prepared in the usual way of smoking. I have seen the bodies of men slain in battle, as also those of horses, so preserved when left exposed upon the ground, each presenting a hard, dry, and shrunken mass, apparently as imperishable as the embalmed bodies of Egypt. During our campaigns, it was a very common thing for officers and men to make what was called *bottes de petre*, a kind of boot made from the skin drawn from the leg of a young horse. This was manufactured by alternate drying and rubbing between the hands, until the texture became soft, pliable, and dry, and without any process of tanning or other means of preservation: when ready for use, it was worn under the pantaloons, the lower aperture being sewed up, leaving only room sufficient for the toes to pass through and rest in the stirrup. It was often the case, however, that we had no other covering than this for our limbs; and on our marches through the long harsh grass of the pampas, it was, perhaps, the best covering that could be used. This grass often grows to the height of eight feet, so as almost to conceal both horse and rider, and it is frequently so heavy as to present a serious obstacle to one's progress. During the dry season, many parts of these broad plains change their aspect entirely; the long grass becomes wilted, and with the continuance of scorching heat, so dried and friable, as to be driven into dust by the winds; the earth is thus laid bare, and, as if suffering with thirst, opens a thousand mouths for water. By the contraction of soil, occasioned by heat and evaporation, it is broken into long, deep crevices, wide enough to receive the leg of a horse; and from these crevices many a good steed has been lifted with a broken limb. Many of the various provinces are peculiar for their natural products. Cordova, for instance, is famous for its wool, which is of heavy fleece, fine texture, and free from burrs. This province also supplies for exportation immense quantities of goat-skins. Tucuman is celebrated for its extensive tanneries, owing to the convenience of certain barks that are used in the process of tanning, and which grow abundantly in the province. The upper or northern part of the province of Salta, near Tarija, is employed in the culture of sugar-cane and the manufacture of sugar; at the towns of Ledesma and San Pedro are extensive sugar factories. Here the climate is excessively hot, owing partly to its latitude, and partly to the fact that the country, for some distance, lies between ranges of mountains on three sides, forming a piece of flat territory of a triangular shape. In this territory lies Oran, of which I have before spoken as peculiar for the diminutive stature of its people, and it is in this region that the immense *wens*, of which I have before spoken, abound. The southern and more mountainous region of the same province furnishes the skins of the chinchilla; while the adjoining and more southern province of Santiago, being flat and interspersed with lakes and rivers, affords in abundance the valuable fur of the nutria, so highly esteemed in the manufacture of hats. The province of Rioja is little more than a mass of mountains, and is mostly peculiar for the silver-mines with which it abounds. The province of Catamarca, while it affords at present no peculiar staple, is as well adapted in soil and climate to the growth of cotton as any portion of the world; but in consequence of its remoteness from the sea-board, and the imperfect means of transportation, its resources are, in that respect, at present unavailable. The herb *oregano*, or wild marjoram, grows in several of the provinces, particularly in the eastern, and in Paraguay. It is from this plant, which grows profusely on the western territory of North America, that the name *Oregon* is derived. Salt springs and lakes are found in many parts of the country. In the provinces of Salta and Tucuman the salt is manufactured into large cakes, measuring about three feet square and eight inches thick; two of these cakes, slung one upon each side, make a back-load for a mule; and in that way they are carried to various parts of the country. The farmers make use of them to entice and domesticate cattle; but instead of giving them ground salt, as our farmers do, two or three of these cakes are placed upon the ground in their *corals*, the animals approaching and licking them at their pleasure.

Among the natural curiosities visited by Colonel KING was

A RAVINE.

On the following morning, accompanied by two soldiers as attendants or servants, I crossed the river Jujuy, and commenced my journey; which, after a ride of about six leagues, lay through the wonderful ravine known as the Cavrado de Humaguaca. This cavrado or chasm, which was formed by a convulsion of the earth, extends a distance of about ten leagues, varying in width from a space of one hundred yards to that of a quarter of a mile, and presenting one of the most wild and singular curiosities of nature. The opening of the earth has left a ravine walled on either side with immense and lofty palisades of jagged rock, broken here and there with gaping chasms, through which the mountain streams dash and foam, on their downward course, into what might be aptly termed the regions of Erebus, since all below is impenetrable darkness; and how far into the bowels of the earth these streams may dash and fret in their downward passage, is beyond the estimate of man. Strange as it may seem, man has set his foot and built his habitation within this pass of gloom; and the occasional spots of earth, occupied and cultivated by Peruvian mametas and tatetas, formed a singular contrast to the natural wildness of every thing about them.

An amusing specimen of the shifts to which our adventurer was sometimes put, is afforded by this account of

A CAMP DINNER.

At this place we were visited by Lieutenant-Colonel Rouses, who owned and occupied a farm not far from us. He was a native of the province, and a sincere patriot at heart, but at that time living in retirement. Perceiving that we were in a suffering condition, this gentleman immediately sent us provisions of sheep, &c. from his own farm, which our people paid their respects to without ceremony. Dishes were unknown in our camp; knives and forks we were not encumbered with, and camp-kettles were a thing unknown. Our mode of cooking our mutton was by forcing lengthwise through the whole side of a sheep, a stick about four feet long, of which we made a skewer, and driving the end of it into the ground near the fire. As the meat was turned and gradually roasted, each man helped himself, by cutting, with his sword or clasp-knife, a long slice from the part most cooked, eating it from his hand; and thus the process was continued until the meat was all gone. In this way, washing down our meat with water from the bold and clear stream beside us, we fared sumptuously. Rouses cheered us, too, in mind as well as in body.

Scenery and Poetry of the English Lakes. By CHARLES MACKAY, LL.D. London, 1846. Longman and Co. THE success that attended Dr. MACKAY'S "Thames and its Tributaries," has tempted him to another ramble in a region still more attractive, though probably more often described, and to the publication in an elegant volume, profusely adorned with engravings of rare merit, of the impressions produced upon his observant mind by the localities through which he wandered, where every step is hallowed by the association of poetry. But Dr. MACKAY is not one of those who think it necessary to praise everything it is the fashion to admire, unless his judgment and good taste sanction the admiration. He is a discriminating traveller. He admits disappointment with much about which people who have no opinions of their own are accustomed to fall into raptures, because, perchance, some poet has somewhere tinted it with the hues of his own imagination. He views Helvellyn with the same critical equanimity with which he would pass an opinion upon the aspect of any other mountain unknown to fame. As thus:—

HELVELLYN.

I had a great desire to ascend Helvellyn. The mountain was sacred to my recollections of Coleridge, with whose name and genius I had somehow or other cause to associate it; principally, I believe, from that beautiful little fragment of his, entitled the "Knight's Tomb;" at least, I have been unable to discover any other reason for it. Its melody had long haunted

me, and I had unconsciously repeated it to myself, I know not how many times, as soon as I found myself within sight of the mountain.

Where is the grave of Sir Arthur Lewellyn,
Where may the grave of that good knight be?
By the side of a spring, on the breast of Helvellyn,
Under the leaves of a young birch tree.
The oak that in summer was sweet to hear,
And rustled its leaves in the fall of the year,
And whistled and roared in the winter alone
Is gone: and the birch in its stead is grown:—
The knight's bones are dust,
And his good sword rust;
His soul is with the saints I trust.

The morning I had set apart for the purpose dawned dull and misty; but as the day wore on I still indulged the hope of sufficient sunshine to make the attempt. My hopes were disappointed; and I was not so enthusiastic in my love for the mountain as to scale its heights amid the clouds of vapour that obscured all surrounding objects: the more especially as my recent experiences in hill climbing had given me but small encouragement for mountain rambles amid mist and rain. I was, therefore, obliged to relinquish the idea, and to give an account of the mountain, from such sources of information as books afforded me.

And thus of

CONISTON.

One of the guide books called Coniston Old Man an "almost peerless mountain," but for my part, as I saw it from the lake, I thought it very ugly and unshapely. Its ascent is a favourite one with visitors to the lake district. Its height, as has been already stated, is 2,576 feet above the level of the sea, and the view from its summit is said to be exceedingly fine, and to command a prospect inferior to none in Westmoreland, not excepting even those from Scawfell and Helvellyn. We had not time, however, to scale its height; and for my own part, I had had so much hill-climbing within the few previous weeks, having twice ascended Goatfell in Arran, and once Ben Lomand in the interval, that I did not feel much inclined to undertake any expedition of the sort; the more especially as my most recent ascent was rewarded with nothing but a thorough soaking, and a very fine view of rolling mists. We learned, however, that the ascent of this mountain was not safe without a guide; that from the side nearest to the lake it was gradual from the base to the summit, but that on the outer, a secondary mountain, piled on the back of a lower one, rose steep and rugged, and exhibited many scenes of great wildness and grandeur.

From experience we cordially concur in the Doctor's recommendation of the ascent of a mountain stream, as affording the most advantageous positions for viewing its varied beauties. In Switzerland the passes are invariably the courses of mountain torrents, and hence their magnificence. Remove the stream and its picturesque accompaniments, and the pass would be shorn of half its interest. It is after the fashion described in the following extract that the hill scenery of England should always be penetrated:—

On our return from Coniston, my companion not having seen Stock Gill Force, I paid a second visit to the stream, that I might act as guide to its beauties. The water being low, we took its bed for our course, making our way over the large stones amongst which it flowed, and finding pleasant excitement in conquering the difficulties that every now and then seemed as if they would bar our progress. Sometimes we had to leap, sometimes to proceed cautiously on a narrow ledge of rock; sometimes to climb high on the bank, aiding our ascent by taking hold of roots and branches of trees; while we had as often to descend by the same means, amid precipices, which, in my cooler moments, I would have thought it foolhardiness to attempt. We were rewarded for our trouble by many exquisite glimpses of scenery; and I was more and more confirmed in a long-cherished opinion, that for the enthusiastic admirer of nature there is often more varied beauty to be discovered in a small mountain-stream of this kind, than in a widely-extended landscape.

Among the personal reminiscences of Dr. MACKAY, the following will interest our readers:—

WORDSWORTH ON SOUTHEY.

In speaking of the lamented Southey, whose name is so intimately associated with his own, and whose friendship and society he enjoyed for so many years, he dwelt with much emphasis upon the long-continued and systematic economy of his time, by which he was enabled to vary his studies from history to philosophy—from philosophy to politics—from politics to poetry, and do more work in each than would have sufficed to make the reputation of half a dozen men of inferior attainments. At the period of his death, and indeed long before, it was the general opinion that he had tasked his brain too severely by study; that his intellect had become overclouded from excess of mental toil; and that he had laboured “not wisely, but too well.” Mr. Wordsworth, however, upon my putting the question to him, denied that such was the case. Though Southey’s labours were almost superhuman, and were varied in a wonderful manner, they seemed, he said, rather to refresh and strengthen, than to weary and weaken his mind. He fell a victim, not to literary toil, but to his strong affection for his first wife, which led him night after night, when his labours of the day were ended, to watch with sleepless anxiety over her sick bed. The strongest mind, as he observed, will ultimately give way under the long-continued deprivation of the natural refreshment of the body. No brain can remain in permanent health that has been overtaken by nightly vigils, still more than by daily labour. When such vigils are accompanied by the perpetually recurring pain of beholding the sufferings of a beloved object, and the as perpetually recurring fear of losing it, they become doubly and trebly injurious; and the labour that must be done, becomes no longer the joy and the solace that it used to be. It is transformed from a pleasure into a pain,—from a friend into an enemy,—from a companion into a fearful monster, crying, like the daughter of the horse-leech, “Give! give!” It is then that the fine and delicate machinery of the mind is deranged. It is then that it snaps; then that the “sweet bells are jangled and out of tune”—that the light is extinguished, and the glory hidden under a cloud, that eternity may lift, but not time. Such, it appears, was the case with the amiable Robert Southey; the grand, if not the great poet; the accomplished scholar and the estimable man in every relation of life. So was it, also, in the more recent fate of the equally amiable and estimable Laman Blanchard, whose sad story I recalled to Mr. Wordsworth’s recollection as a parallel case. To the free mind, untouched by domestic grief, literary toil, however great, is scarcely a burden: but when one engrossing sorrow comes, and the brain must work in spite of it, the conflict begins, in which sorrow not only gains the mastery, but destroys the battle field, and blasts its fruit in this life for ever.

And so do we believe it to be. Literary labour alone, if the subject of thought be varied, and due care is taken to preserve health of body by temperance and exercise, will never injure; on the contrary, it is a wholesome stimulus. It is only when other cares depress the mind, and its usual pursuits become an effort and a toil, that the fine machinery yields to the unnatural pressure, and is destroyed. It is the care that kills, not the study.

This charming volume should be the handbook of every visitor to the Lakes. It is at once a guide and a companion.

SCIENCE.

Scrofula, its Nature, its Causes, its Prevalence, and the Principles of Treatment. By BENJAMIN PHILLIPS, F.R.S. Assistant Surgeon to the Westminster Hospital. London, 1846. Balliere.

Mr. PHILLIPS starts with a proposition which runs counter to the prevalent opinion, namely, that scrofula and consumption are not related; they possess “a certain general similarity of character, but no identity.”

In support of this view, Mr. PHILLIPS adduces a multitude of facts, shewing, “that the age when the ravages of scrofula are most keenly felt is precisely that when the visitation of phthisis is least to be apprehended; that the sex which suffers most severely from

one of those diseases is least affected by the other. And, beyond all this, there is the fact that, among the numerous victims of phthisis, at least eighteen out of every twenty exhibit no marks of having suffered from scrofula.”

But there is a fallacy in this argument. Consumption is one form, that which is strictly termed scrofula, to wit, a deposit of purulent matter in the glands, is another form, of the same disease, to which, as yet, no distinct name has been given, but which consists in a certain state of the body, called cachexia, wherein the blood is what has been termed strumous, that is, having a tendency to the deposition of imperfectly organized matter in certain parts of the body. Properly, therefore, this cachectic condition of the body should be the disease termed scrofula, and then consumption and the glandular affection now called scrofula should be considered as the forms assumed by that disease. The fallacy of Mr. PHILLIPS’s argument lies in concluding that because it does not take both forms in the same person there is no identity of origin. But this is a conclusion not warranted by experience. On the contrary, the probability is that having taken one shape, it would not, in the same individual, take the other shape also.

The writer of this notice is not a medical man, and therefore he offers an opinion with great deference. But having a strong conviction that the views which have occurred to him as to the cause of scrofula are worthy of notice, he ventures to throw them out for the consideration of those to whom the duty of inquiry properly belongs.

His idea is, that the seat of scrofula is the nervous system. A strumous habit is that of an individual whose brain and nervous system do not produce enough of vital energy (whatever that be) to complete the function of the assimilation of food with the animal frame, that is to say, the conversion of inorganic into organic matter. The consequence is, that the matter which the blood has taken up, but which there is not enough of vital force to change into perfect muscle, bone, sinew, or other component parts of the animal frame, is deposited in parts of the body where the blood can most readily throw it off—if in the glands, producing scrofula—if in the lungs, tubercles—if in the muscular parts, abscesses.

Now if this be the true philosophy of the disease treated of by Mr. PHILLIPS, the curative process must be directed to its source, and not to its symptoms. The doctor must address himself to the nervous system, and stimulate the vital energies. Hence, good feeding is of the first importance, and warmth of the next; hence the utility of stimulants with such habits; hence the prevalence of scrofula among the ill-fed and ill-lodged.

Mr. PHILLIPS has collected a mass of statistics at home and abroad relative to the scrofula, and the result is, that England is not more infected by it than other countries. It is also gratifying to learn that the ravages of consumption are decreasing. In 1750 the deaths from this disease were 1 in 144; in 1811 they were 1 in 196; in 1821, 1 in 133; and in 1833 they were 1 in 258. As in the same period there has been a progressive improvement in the food and comforts of the community, another proof is thus afforded of the soundness of the conjecture we have hazarded.

Mr. PHILLIPS thus remarks on the

SIGNS OF SCROFULA.

In a constitution favourable for the deposit of scrofulous matter, I believe there are no features, in the absence of the tumor, so constant and so conclusive as to justify a reliance upon them in pronouncing an opinion whether a constitution be scrofulous or not. It is certain that the ordinary tests are fallacious: I know that the major part of them may be observed, again and again, without any other evidence that the constitution is tainted with scrofula. We may even have enlarged glands, while no product such as that which I have

alluded to is deposited; although, in the absence of any source of irritation, enlarged subcutaneous glands constitute grounds for grave suspicion that the constitution is scrofulous. Thus, whatever may be the constitutional peculiarity, however marked may be the general physiognomy by what is called the scrofulous diathesis, we have no certain sign of the existence of the disease until sufficient evidence can be obtained that the deposit has taken place. The constitution may suffer long before such a deposit is made, and the glands themselves may be swelled without presenting in their substance a scrofulous deposit: indeed, the deterioration of the system proceeds so slowly, that although the tendency be directly onwards from the period when the gland is simply enlarged to that when the deposit would ordinarily occur, in that interval favourable or unfavourable circumstances may be experienced, and no deposit may take place: on the one hand, the constitution may improve and the glandular swelling may subside; on the other, the ailing child's life may be cut short by other diseases before the proof of scrofula is complete. In childhood, the time necessary for the perfect development of the disease is, I believe, very long; so long as to build up the whole body with bad materials. In adult life, the time is still more considerable; so that, although in each case the causes of the disease may be efficient, their influence may not be continued long enough to bring about such a change in the constitution as fits it for the development of scrofula; and if they be not so continued, the swelled glands may subside, and the person may escape the deposit, or, the causes of ill health becoming more intense, he may die of some more acute disease.

Mr. PHILLIPS thinks that the cause of scrofula is insufficient nourishment; but he does not shew in what way this operates to produce the disease. His cure, consequently, is better food and more of it, with changes of scene as aids; he is not favourable to the employment of medicine, beyond that which may be necessary to keep the digestive functions in order.

In the course of his commentaries, the author throws out many incidental remarks, some of them extremely interesting and curious. We take two of these.

APPEARANCES DECEITFUL.

There is commonly a general want of tone and energy in the solids which incapacitates the sufferer for proper exercise; the muscular system is quickly exhausted, and incapable of sustained exertion; this is a consequence of impaired nutrition. The splendid-looking corps of Dutch grenadiers, which constituted, when on parade, so distinguished an ornament of Napoleon's army, and which was said to be greatly tainted with scrofula, suffered more from fatigue, cold, and hunger, during the disastrous retreat from Moscow, than any other portion of the French army; few of them, indeed, survived the retreat. It is matter of remark in the army, that fair, lymphatic-looking men, apparently enjoying brilliant health, frequently present a dragged, broken-down appearance, after two or three days' severe marching.

DANGER OF INFANT SCHOOLS.

A great social experiment is now in progress, from which most important consequences must follow. The truth seems deeply fixed in the minds of thinking men, that the character of our people is to be determined by the education or mental training they receive in childhood; and as the conviction is strong, that the work cannot be begun too early, children are collected into infant schools almost as soon as they can walk. And as I have had large opportunities (by which I have endeavoured to profit) of estimating the effect of such training upon the bodily health of the child, I will now express the conviction at which I have arrived. I believe, then, the effect is prejudicial. I know that the health of those infants who are suffered to amuse themselves as they please during the day, is better, *ceteris paribus*, than that of those children who have been for many months regular attendants at infant schools. And the reason of the difference I apprehend to be this, that in children the blood is vigorously circulated through the entire frame, by means of the exertion of the muscular system; and this exertion of the muscular system can only be maintained by providing such amusement as will keep the body in motion. The listless walk around the school-rooms, though re-

peated many times a day, will not quicken the heart's action, and will not warm the hands and feet. And so long as the hands and feet and the surface of the body remain cold for many hours of every day, so long the child will have congestion of some internal organs; and a state of permanent disease is readily induced, digestion is ill-performed, nutrition is defective; and if this state of things be long continued, scrofula may be the consequence.

Commentaries on the Principia of Sir Isaac Newton, &c.
By the Author of "A New Theory of Gravitation,"
&c. London, 1846. Whittaker and Co.

THIS extremely learned essay admits neither of formal criticism nor extract in a family literary journal; but we place its publication upon record among the literary events of the time. The author's design is to question NEWTON's theory, "that the forces of the gravitation of the planets are inversely as the squares of their mean distances from the sun." How far he has succeeded mathematicians will judge by perusing his volume.

Practical Observations on Mineral Waters and Baths, with notices of some Continental Climates, &c. By EDWIN LEE, Esq. London, 1846. Churchill.

MR. LEE has in this volume written for the public. His purpose is to explain, in untechnical language, what kinds of waters are adapted for the more common diseases. He adds a chapter on bathing and sea baths, which contains some sensible remarks; and that on artificial mineral waters will be useful. He recommends the practice of daily sponging with cold water, as removing the disposition to catarrhal and rheumatic complaints. We have noted two or three other curious observations. Mr. LEE says that the perspiration produced by a hot bath is not equivalent to the vaporisation from the surface of the body exposed to the air; that in the Baltic a pint of water contains scarcely two scruples of salt; on the coasts of Great Britain it contains more than half an ounce; and in some parts under the Line the quantity amounts to more than two ounces. From the beginning of July the temperature of the sea is constantly on the increase, and during August it is at the highest, remaining the same, with very little alteration, till September, when it again falls. The minimum temperature of the sea each day is in the morning before 10 o'clock, its maximum from 12 to 5.

We subjoin the remarks of Mr. LEE on

SEA BATHING.

On entering the water at its natural temperature, a feeling of shivering, with slight oppression of the chest and convulsive respiration, termed the shock, is experienced, which, however, is but momentary, and passes off on immersing the whole of the body and moving about freely. After the bath, a greater or less degree of reaction ensues, indicated by a genial glow, increased redness of the surface, and a feeling of general vigour, with, in some cases, eruptions on the skin. The object of sea-bathing is to induce this reaction, whence its tonic properties; the direct action of cold having a sedative and benumbing influence, depressing the powers of life, and, when prolonged, causing the blood to retire from the surface, and congesting internal organs, thereby inducing coma, and subsequent death. Thus, it will be obvious, that the period of the cold-bath should not be too much prolonged; and also, that a certain degree of vigour and power of reaction is requisite in those to whom the cold sea-bath is recommended. It is consequently not advisable for very weak or delicate subjects, old people, or those disposed to internal congestions or hæmorrhage. The first baths mostly occasion a certain degree of general lassitude with tendency to sleep, especially after meals; some complain of oppression in the precordial region, of headache, of a tendency to toothache, &c. an attack of which is frequently induced by the bath; the uterus and breasts are more sensitive, the appetite increases, and constipation is frequently produced. These effects, however, afterwards subside. Cold sea-bathing acts, therefore, power-

fully on the nervous system, invigorating body and mind, and increases the activity of particular organs, especially the skin, the respiratory apparatus, the lymphatic glands and absorbents, the liver and abdominal circulation. It may be recommended in states of general languor, lassitude, and debility, either from excesses, dissipation, or tedious convalescence; where there exists a preternaturally delicate state of the skin, with susceptibility to take cold, or a relaxed state of the mucous membranes; in constitutional, general, or local debility, as of the sexual organs, and scrofula, provided there be no feverishness or other counter-indicating circumstances, and in various nervous and other affections, where a tonic medication is indicated. "Affusions of sea-water upon the head, with immersions in the sea, are highly beneficial in neuralgia of the head, obstinate headache, or hemicrania. The combination of the two modes is indispensable, for either employed separately will increase the pain or reproduce it. An attack of neuralgia may be arrested by a sea-bath." Independently, however, of bathing, a residence at the sea-side is beneficial in several states of disordered health; as dyspepsia, bronchial affections, a disposition to consumption or scrofula: increased nervous susceptibility, as in hysterical and other nervous affections (which are less prevalent on the coast than in the interior), the sea-air being not only comparatively free from fogs and vapour, but also strongly impregnated with saline particles, which tend materially to impart tone to the system, as is evident from the strong constitutions and good appetite generally enjoyed by sailors and residents on the coast.

Persons contemplating mineral waters should put this volume into their trunks.

FICTION.

The Privateer's-Man, One Hundred Years ago. By Captain MARRYAT, R.N. London, 1846. Longman and Co.

WE have read many criticisms on Captain MARRYAT, in quarterly, monthly, weekly, and daily periodicals, elaborate reviews and hasty notices; but none has indicated the secret of his success. The fact is undeniable, that he pleases readers of the most diversified tastes, and they who would agree as to the merits of no other novelist, are unanimous in his applause. Ask them what the source of their approbation, they would be perplexed to reply—certainly they would not be of one mind in that. So it is with his reviewers. They differ as to the charm that wins so much popularity. It lies not in his humour, for works where that is sparingly introduced, or not at all, are as successful as *Peter Simple*. It is not the art with which his plots are woven, or grace of composition, or sentiment, that attracts, though to each of these characteristics has it been attributed by some of his many eulogists. Our notion is, that his excellence is more in the manner than the matter. That it is not the story, but his telling of it, that wins every ear to listen so attentively. And what is this fascinating manner?—Simply obedience to nature: throwing aside the *art* of authorcraft; writing as he would talk; painting to the mind; narrating events in their natural order; sketching a character as he would have outlined him to a circle of listeners, broadly, vigorously and rapidly; making his dialogues really conversations, such as men in actual life interchange their thoughts withal; and wasting no more words upon description than are necessary to the composition of the picture. The adventures, too, are natural: they are such as might happen without appearing marvellous in our eyes; they grow out of one another, and seem to us as necessary consequences of their antecedents, as are the occurrences of real life. If other novelists would note these characteristics of Captain MARRYAT, and observe them, they might hope for a rival reputation; but so long as they are *artists* instead of *authors*, they must expect to hold only second places

in esteem, like the mistress they serve. Art, even the highest, is, after all, only the handmaiden of nature.

The Privateer's-Man illustrates these remarks. There is nothing in it that can be called new, and yet it has all the interest of novelty. We have met with every incident and every character before in the writer's various works, yet have they still the charm of freshness, because whatever is *natural* never wears—nay, we love it the more, the more frequently we return it.

The *Privateer's-Man* flourished at the time of the famous forty-five, and the political incidents of the time are interwoven with the main narrative. The calling of the hero opens a wide field of adventure of which the Captain has liberally availed himself. He cruises in the Caribbean sea, becomes a slave, visits London, is accidentally involved in the plots of politicians, aids the escape of the rebels, sails to other parts of the world, finding adventure everywhere. The object of such a work is obviously not so much the development of a plot, as the stringing together by the thread of a narrative a number of pictures of life on sea and shore, shipwrecks, fights, and savages.

We can afford but one extract. It is a powerful description of the hero's escape from slavery during an attack upon the dwelling by the Indians:—

My mistress made no reply, but busied herself with barring the door and window. She then placed the table and stools so that she might stand upon them and fire out of the upper loop-holes; pulled the moss out of the loop-holes; took down the muskets—of which there were six—from their rests, examined the priming of those which were loaded, and loaded those which were not. She then got out a supply of powder and ball, which she put ready on the table, brought the axes out, that they might be at hand, examined the water jars to ascertain whether the convicts had filled them as she had ordered, and then, when all was prepared for defence, she removed the lamp into the inner room, leaving the one we were in so dark that the Indians could not, by looking through the chinks or loop-holes, discover where the occupants of the cabin might be. All these arrangements she made with the greatest coolness, and I could not help admiring her courage and self-possession. "Alexander, will you promise not to escape if I set you free?" "Certainly not," replied I. "You set me free for your own purposes, because you wish me to help to defend your property; and then, forsooth, when the Indians are beat off, you will chain me again." "No, no; that was not my feeling, as I sit here alive," replied she; "but I was thinking that, if forced to retreat from the cabin, you would never be able to escape, and I never could save you; but they should hack me to pieces first." "Answer me one question," said I. "In a time of peril like this, would you, as a conscientious person, think that you were justified in retaining in such fetters even a convict who had robbed you? And if you feel that you would not, on what grounds do you act in this way to a man whom you profess to love?—I leave it to your conscience." She remained silent for some time; when the dog barked, and she started up. "I believe I am mad, or a fool," said she, sweeping back her hair from her forehead. She then took the key of the manacle out of her dress, and released me. "Alexander"—"Silence!" said I, putting my hand to her mouth, "this is no time to be heard speaking. Silence!" repeated I, in a whisper, "I hear them, they are round the house." I stood upon one of the stools and looked through a loop-hole. It was very dark, but as the Indians stood on the hill, there was clear sky behind them as low down as their waists, and I could perceive their motions, as they appeared to be receiving orders from their chief; and they advanced to the door of the cabin with axes and tomahawks. My mistress had mounted on the table at the same time that I had got on the stool. We now got down again without speaking, and each taking a musket, we knelt down at the lower loop-holes which I have described. On second thoughts, I mounted the stool, whispering to her, "Don't fire till I do." The Indians came to the door and tapped, one asking in English to be let in. No reply was given, and they commenced their attack upon the door with their axes. As soon as this aggression took place, I took good aim at their chief, as I presumed

him to be, who was now standing alone on the hill. I fired. He fell immediately. As I leaped from the stool my mistress discharged her musket, and we both caught up others and returned to the loop-holes below. By this time the blows of the axes were incessant, and made the cabin door tremble, and the dust to fly down in showers from the roof; but the door was of double oak with iron braces, and not easily to be cut through; and the bars which held it were of great size and strength. It was some time before we could get another shot at an Indian, but at last I succeeded, and as his comrades were taking the body away my mistress shot another. After this the blows of the axes ceased, and they evidently had retreated. I then went into the inner room and extinguished the lamp, that they might not be able to see us—for the lamp gave a faint light. We returned to the table and loaded the muskets in the dark. As I put my musket on the table, my mistress said, "Will they come again?" "Yes," replied I, "I think they will; but if you wish to talk, we had better retreat to the fire-place: there we shall be safe from any shot." "Depend upon it," said I, "they will try to burn us out. The wind is high, which is all in their favour, and I suspect they are now gone to collect fire-wood." "And if they do fire the cabin, what shall we do? I never thought of that." We must remain in it as long as we can, and then sally out and fight to the last; but everything depends upon circumstances. Be guided by me, and I will save you if I can." "Hark! What is that?" "It is what I said," replied I; "they are laying firewood against the logs of the cabin on the windward side (this was on the side opposite the door). Now we must try if we cannot pick off some more of them," said I, rising and taking a musket. "Bring the stools over to this side, for we must fire from the upper loop-holes." We remained at our posts for some time without seeing an Indian. They had gone back to the wood for more combustibles. At last we perceived them coming back with the wood. I should imagine there were at least twenty of them. "Now, take good aim," said I. We both fired almost at the same moment, and three Indians fell. "Get down, and give me another musket," said I to my mistress. She handed me one, and, taking another for herself, resumed her station. We fired several times; sometimes with and sometimes without success; for the Indians went away twice for firewood before they had collected what they considered sufficient. By this time it was piled up to the eaves of the cabin, and our loop-holes were shut up; we, therefore, went over to the other side, where the door was, to see if there were any Indians there, but could not see one. We had been on the look-out for about five minutes, when the crackling of the wood, and the smoke forcing itself through the crevices between the logs, told us that the fire had been applied, and the wind soon fanned it up so that the flame poured through every chink and loop-hole, and lighted up the cabin. We left the fire-place, and having felt for and found the axes, we went near the door, and put our mouths to the loop-holes below; and the smoke passing above them enabled us to breathe freer. I looked out and perceived that, with the exception of about six yards to leeward of the cabin, there was a dense volume of smoke rolling along the ground for a long distance, and that if we could only once gain it without being perceived, we should probably be saved. I therefore unbarred the door, drew the bolt, and held it in my hand all ready for a start. The cabin was now in flames in every part as well as the roof. I touched my mistress and then took her hand in mine, watching at the loop-hole. At last, when the heat was almost unbearable, an eddy of the wind drove back the smoke close to the leeside of the cabin, and all was dark. I jumped up, opened the door, and dragged my mistress after me; we walked out into the black mass completely hid from our enemies; and then running hand-in-hand as fast as we could to leeward in the centre of the smoke, we found ourselves at least 100 yards from the cabin without the Indians having any idea that we were not still inside. As we retreated, the density of the smoke became less, and I then told her to run for her life, as the Indians would discover that the door of the cabin was open and that we had escaped—and so it proved. We were still a hundred yards from the wood when a yell was given which proved that they had discovered our escape, and were in pursuit. We gained the wood; I turned round a moment to look behind me, and perceived at least 40 or 50 Indians in full pursuit of us—the foremost about 200

yards distant. "Now we must run for it, mistress," said I, "and we must no longer take hands. We shall have to thread the wood. Away! We have no time to lose." So saying, I snatched my hand from her and sprang forward; she following me as fast as she could, more fearful, evidently, of my making my escape from her than of her own escape from the Indians. As soon as I was a hundred yards in the wood, I turned short to the right, and fled with all my speed in that direction, because I hoped by this means to deceive the Indians, and it was easier to run where the wood was not so thick. My mistress followed me close: she would have hallooed to me, but she had not breath after the first half-mile. I found out that I was more fleet than she was. Whether encumbered with her clothes, or perhaps not so much used to exercise, I heard her panting after me. I could easily have left her, but my fear was that she would have called to me, and if she had, the Indians would have heard her, and have known the direction I had taken, and, when once on my trail, they would, as soon as daylight came, have followed me by it to any distance; I therefore slackened my speed so as just to enable my mistress to keep up with me at about ten yards' distance; when we had run about three miles I felt certain that she could not proceed much further: speak she could not, and as I ran without once looking behind me, she could make no sign. I continued at a less rapid pace for about a mile further. I did this to enable her to keep up with me, and to recover my own breath as much as possible previous to a start. The voices of the Indians had long been out of hearing, and it was clear that they had not discovered the direction we had taken. I knew, therefore, that they could not hear her now, if she did cry out as loud as she could, and I gradually increased my speed, till I could no longer hear her panting behind me; I then went off at my full speed, and after a few minutes I heard her voice at some distance faintly calling out my name. Yes, thought I, but I have not forgotten the ball and chain; and if you thought that you had let loose a lion while we were in the cabin, you shall find that you have loosed a deer in the woods. I then stopped a few moments to recover my breath; I did not, however, wait long; I was afraid that my mistress might recover her breath as well as myself, and I again set off as fast as I could. The idea of torture from the Indians, or again being kept confined by my mistress, gave me endurance which I thought myself incapable of. Before morning I calculated that I had run at least 20 miles, if not more.

POETRY AND THE DRAMA.

Dramas for the Stage. By GEORGE STEPHENS. London, 1846.

WERE we to say that the author of *Martinuzzi* has no dramatic genius, we should do him grievous wrong. Mr. STEPHENS has a genius which constantly asserts its supremacy; a genius which does not burst upon us when we least expect it, but which pervades his writings, and, like the soft suffusion of morning light, quietly but effectually exhibits the scene. Mr. STEPHENS has a general dramatic power, and in his mind the spirit and the form of the drama are coupled. We do not say that dramatic form is never seen in Mr. STEPHENS's compositions when the dramatic spirit is unfelt. We could not say so much of SHAKESPEARE. The greatest dramatist loses at certain periods his mental identity. The "over soul," as EMERSON would say, is not always dominant. The cause is natural, and therefore simple. Nature and art are two grand masters for the poet's education—not equally powerful, but equally useful. Nature is more venerable and more comprehensive than art, and when a poet endeavours to fill the entire gap which a want of passion, pathos, and intellectual beauty occasions, by a formal tone or measured phraseology, he does so from one or the other of two causes, or from both—from mental prostration, or from mental inactivity, in which the easy carelessness of the writer cripples his intellectual manhood. When Mr. STEPHENS shews the form of the drama merely, we are satisfied

that it originates from a periodical mental dejection, and all poets, alive to the sensibilities and the susceptibilities of poetry, have such a dejection occasionally preying on their general strength.

Mr. STEPHENS is any thing but an idle man, and if his writings shew at any time the evidence of carelessness, we deny that he is a careless writer. His deep love for the drama precludes the idea of carelessness. If idolizing a calling could insure perfection in that calling, Mr. STEPHENS had been a perfect poet; but with all his love for his occupation, with all his understanding of its importance, with all his artistic tact, and with all his genius—which is the crowning word—Mr. STEPHENS "has failed." He himself has said so, not we, and we shall here quote the author's words:—"He (Mr. STEPHENS) is fast falling into the sear and yellow leaf. From whatever cause, or combination of causes, in himself, or circumstances beyond his control, the aspirations of his life have not met with success—his hope has not been fulfilled. *He has failed!*"

What does Mr. STEPHENS understand by the word "fail," whose image he has so finely shewn us in the "Poet's Fate," the most painfully true drama among the number before us. We quote a passage from the "Lament of Basil," who is a fictitious personage, but a real poet.

All around athwart the gloom
Float in dim beauty angel shadowings,
That whisper peace. I uplift my sight beyond
This murky mansion to the untroubled heavens,
And traffic in my silent soul with thoughts
Too calm and bright for tears, for smiles too awful.

Like the dissolving Iris
Which sinks its crests in exhalations dim,
My languid frame, that fades in sign of nothing,
Ne'er will revive in beauty.

But her joys
Wooing the will of men to vanity,
Are patent to me now. They are airy bubbles
That swell with silence all within, which Time
Bursts as he passes by, or takes with him
In scorn.

I could outlive
This, yea, the sweet report of fame, but not
O'er her irrevocable loss repine,
Who from her cradle grew before me still;
In that point ends the struggle.

What, we repeat, does Mr. STEPHENS understand by the word "fail?" Philip Basil knew failure by agonizing experience; but we think our author's failure is more a chimera of his heated fancy than a sober reality. A poet's hope generally outruns sedate reason, and when the first obstacle arises in the way of success, his doubt is instantly started, and he clings tenaciously to that which consumes him—the idea of certain failure. Present fear echoes the voice of an original prediction, and the poet ceases to write well because he ceases to be courageous. The fact of Mr. STEPHENS admitting his failure at the moment he offers two volumes of dramas to the public, proves thus much, that he wrote the volumes at a manifest disadvantage. *Richelieu*, in the drama of that name, amid crushing adversity and withering fate, addresses his attendant with the remarkable words "*never say fail.*" This was the language of a consummate philosopher. The difficulties and evident disadvantages which surrounded the representation of *Martinuzzi*, which our readers will recollect, no doubt gave Mr. STEPHENS the idea of unsuccess. But independent of the representation, *Martinuzzi* is a drama of sterling merit. For dramatic situation some of its scenes may challenge comparison with the works of the best dramatists.

Most of the plays before us have not so much inherent dramatic quality as *Martinuzzi*. The subjects want that self-existent sublimity from which a poet should start on his inspired work. Good material for a poet, like good material for a builder, who would construct a

gorgeous palace, is absolutely necessary. Such good material Mr. STEPHENS has not found in his drama of *Self Glorification*, or *Rebecca and her Daughters*, and but little of it in such a subject as *Forgery*. Yet considering the matter on which Mr. STEPHENS has employed his pen, we are ready to admit that he has shewn much skill and ability.

The drama is undergoing a rapid change. Theatrical failures arise not so much from ordinary actors and from the high prices of admission to theatres—as from the yearning of the public mind for dramas sensibly instrumental to public progression. It is not enough that a drama exposes the follies and the conventionalities of the age; it must also exhibit, in colours beautiful as the rainbow, the expanding glories of society. The drama now must be more the builder of affections and sympathies than the denouncer of petty antagonisms. Men have ceased to be gladiators for the sake of gladiatorial triumph, and therefore the drama must evince an universality of truth, and love, and justice. When it does not portray so much, it sinks below its natural ability to do good. Mr. STEPHENS pleases us the more, because, in the midst of an unexpansive and barren subject, he shews us that generalizing spirit which makes the drama the best interpreter of humanity. His *Nero* is exclusively *Nero*, with scarcely a redeeming glimmer of manhood; but then his subject compelled him to utter what his mind could not echo. Mr. STEPHENS has considerable dramatic genius, but not a superabundance of dramatic tact. We find in his plays as many choice portions of poetry as are to be found in the plays of any writer of the day; and with a few of these selections we conclude our notice of Mr. STEPHENS and his dramas.

LOVE.

Basil. Do not wrong me so,
To fear more than to love me. Let love lead,
And all your soul must follow its sweet motion,
As the low heavens are wheeled obedient
In measure with the highest.

Rosetta.— Were love all!
Basil.—It is all!

When 'tis based in tender years
On provident care, fond fears; on pious trust.
There must be cause we know not for the bidding
That stabs, since every pang is sympathised
By him who seems to slay us, though obedience
Strike 'gainst the heart and brain, yet, like the bee,
It hath a precious medicine in store
For every sting. In tract of time, the mind
Gathers its powers, and sickly visions vanish,
And DUTY stands new-born. Oh, never can
Such duty pass away! And never, child,
Can nature sound its depths;—'tis turned with life.
The sweet constraint we owe to God himself.

EXPECTATION.

When went there by a week and I not catch
Her footfall near, like that of radiant fawn,
Ere round my neck her restless arm of love
Clung glad some? What her absence now imports
Troubles me like an omen.

To my task

That on the soul's invisible wings, ascending
To purer ether, far above the mists
That sadden o'er my solitude, my thoughts
May sever from my griefs, and lose themselves
'Mid semblances, and visioned lights that beam
Like God's own eye upon the thinking heart.

MANHOOD.

There is a page
In the history of man you blunder through,
Malgre your skill, so know but half his nature,
Accounting him at best a thing of velvet,
At worst of tatters; yet this last may shine
So radiant in severest loneliness,
Shall speak him little lower than the angels,
Though he went naked.

EDUCATION.

The Child's Vision: or the Angel and the Oak. By the Author of "The Priestess."

A BEAUTIFUL little prose poem. The manner suggested by Mrs. BARBAULD'S Hymns. The matter, a pretty story calculated to attract children, and conveying a wholesome moral. It is handsomely bound, and will make an excellent Midsummer holiday present.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Memoirs and Essays illustrative of Art, Literature, and Social Morals. By Mrs. JAMESON, Author of "The Characteristics of Woman," &c. London, 1846. Bentley.

THE mind of Mrs. JAMESON is remarkable. It exhibits qualities rarely found in combination. She unites the keen perceptions, fine taste, and natural graces of her own sex with the larger reasoning powers and instinctive common sense that are the prerogatives of ours. Therefore she touches no topic that she does not both adorn and illustrate. Her trains of thought are always worth pursuing, for they lead to a definite end; she has usually something new to say upon any subject to which she gives her attention. Whether she analyses the characteristics of SHAKSPERE'S women, or treats of the *æsthetics* of art, or appears as the champion of her sex against the injustice of its master, man, there is everywhere freshness of thought, which, if not always commanding entire assent, is always interesting, always instructive, always her own.

Mrs. JAMESON is deeply read in German literature, and its effects are visible in her turn of thought, and in her language. Like all writers of this school, she requires to be read; her pages cannot be skimmed and skipped as those of a popular novel. They must be studied to be appreciated, for she appeals to the loftier faculties of her readers.

The volume before us is a collection of papers, some of which have, we believe, already appeared in the magazines. It contains six essays in all. The first, entitled "The House of Titian," is a narrative of a visit paid by Mrs. JAMESON to the former residence of the great artist, which introduces a dissertation on the Venetian school of art, whose peculiar beauty of colouring she attributes to the accident of the rich hues of nature by which its masters were surrounded. From this essay we take some striking passages.

THE GLORIES OF VENICE.

It is this all-pervading presence of light, and this suffusion of rich colour glowing through the deepest shadows, which make the very life and soul of Venice; but not all who have dwelt in Venice, and breathed her air and lived in her life, have felt their influences; it is the want of them which renders so many of Canaletti's pictures false and unsatisfactory—to me at least. All the time I was at Venice I was in a rage with Canaletti. I could not come upon a palace, or a church, or a corner of a canal which I had not seen in one or other of his pictures. At every moment I was reminded of him. But how has he painted Venice? Just as we have the face of a beloved friend re-produced by the daguerrotype, or by some bad conscientious painter—some fellow who gives us eyes, nose, and mouth by measure of compass, and leaves out all sentiment, all countenance; we cannot deny the identity, and we cannot endure it. Where in Canaletti are the glowing evening skies—the transparent gleaming waters—the bright green of the vine-shadowed *Tragheto*—the freshness and the glory—the dreamy, aerial, fantastic splendour of this city of the sea? Look at one of his pictures—all is real, opaque, solid, stony, formal;—even his skies and water—and is *that* Venice? "But," says my friend, "if you would have Venice, seek it in Turner's pictures!" True, I may seek it, but shall I find it? Venice is like a dream;—but this dream upon the canvass, do you call

this Venice? The exquisite precision of form, the wondrous beauty of detail, the clear, delicate lines of the flying perspective—so sharp and defined in the midst of a flood of brightness—where are they? Canaletti gives us the forms without the colour or light. Turner, the colour and light without the forms. But if you would take into your soul the very soul and inward life and spirit of Venice—breathe the same air—go to Titian; there is more of Venice in his "Cornaro Family," or his "Pesaro Madonna," than in all the Canaletti's in the corridor at Windsor. Beautiful they are, I must needs say it; but when I think of enchanting Venice, the most beautiful are to me like prose translations of poetry,—petrifications, materialities: "We start, for life is wanting there!" I know not how it is, but certainly things that would elsewhere displease, delight us at Venice. It has been said, for instance, "put down the church of St. Mark anywhere but in the Piazza, it is barbarous:" here, where east and west have met to blend together, it is glorious. And again, with regard to the sepulchral effigies in our churches—I have always been of Mr. Westmacott's principles and party; always on the side of those who denounce the intrusion of monuments of human pride insolently paraded in God's temple; and surely cavaliers on prancing horses in a church should seem the very *acmé* of such irreverence and impropriety in taste; but here the impression is far different. O those awful, grim, mounted warriors and dogs, high over our heads against the walls of the San Giovanni e Paolo and the Frari!—man and horse in panoply of state, colossal, life-like—suspended, as it were, so far above us, that we cannot conceive how they came there, or are kept there, by human means alone. It seems as though they had been lifted up and fixed on their airy pedestals as by a spell. At whatever hour I visited those churches, and that was almost daily, whether at morn or noon, or in the deepening twilight, still did those marvellous effigies—man and steel, and trampled Turk, or mitred doge, upright and stiff in his saddle—fix me as if fascinated; and still I looked up at them, wondering every day with a new wonder, and scarce repressing the startled exclamation, "Good heavens! how came they there!" And not to forget the great wonder of modern times, I hear people talking of a railway across the Lagune, as if it were to unpoetise Venice; as if this new approach were a malignant invention to bring the syren of the Adriatic into the "dull catalogue of common things;" and they call on me to join the outcry, to echo sentimental denunciations, quoted out of Murray's Hand-book; but I cannot—I have no sympathy with them. To me, that tremendous bridge, spanning the sea, only adds to the wonderful one wonder more—to great sources of thought one yet greater.

VENETIAN LADIES.

Every one must remember in the Venetian pictures, not only the peculiar luxuriance, but the peculiar colour of the hair, of every golden tint from a rich full shade of auburn to a sort of yellow flaxen hue,—or rather, not flaxen, but like raw silk, such as we have seen the peasants in Lombardy carrying over their arms, or on their heads, in great shining twisted heaps. I have sometimes heard it asked with wonder, whether those pale golden masses of hair, the true "*biondina*" tint, could have been always natural? On the contrary, it was oftener artificial—the colour, not the hair. In the days of the elder Palma, and Giorgione, yellow hair was the fashion, and the paler the tint the more admired. The women had a method of discharging the natural colour by first washing their tresses in some chemical preparation, and then exposing them to the sun. I have seen a curious old Venetian print, perhaps satirical, which represents this process. A lady is seated on the roof or balcony of her house, wearing a sort of broad-brimmed hat, without a crown; the long hair is drawn over these wide brims, and spread out in the sunshine, while the face is completely shaded. How they contrived to escape a brain fever or a *coup de soleil* is a wonder: and truly, of all the multifarious freaks of fashion and vanity, I know none more strange than this,—unless it be the contrivance of the women of Antigua, to obtain a new *natural* complexion. I have been speaking here of the people; but any one who has looked up at a Venetian lady standing on her balcony, in the evening light, or peeping out from the window of her gondola, must be struck at once with the resemblance in colour and countenance to the pictures he has just seen in churches and galleries.

INFLUENCE OF ATMOSPHERE ON COLOUR.

I am acquainted with an English artist who, being struck by the vivid tints of some stuffs which he saw worn by the women, and which appeared to him precisely the same as those he admired in Titian and Paul Veronese, purchased some pieces of the same fabric, and brought them to England: but he soon found that for his purpose he ought to have brought the Venetian atmosphere with him. When unpacked in London, the reds seemed as dingy, and the yellows as dirty, and the blues as smoky, as our own.

There is fine and truthful thought in these remarks.

I know that there are critics who look upon Raphael as having *secularized*, and Titian as having *sensualized* art: I know it has become the fashion to prefer an old Florentine or Umbrian Madonna to Raphael's Galatea; and an old German, hard-visaged, wooden-limbed Saint, to Titian's Venus. Under one point of view, I quite agree with the critics alluded to. Such preference commands our approbation and our sympathy, if we look to the height of the aim proposed, rather than to the completeness of the performance as such. But *here* I am not considering art with reference to its aims or its associations, religious or classic; nor with reference to individual tastes, whether they lean to piety or poetry, to the real or the ideal; nor as the reflection of any prevailing mode of belief or existence; but simply as *ART*—as the *Muta Poesis*, the interpreter between Nature and Man; giving back to us her forms with the utmost truth of imitation, and at the same time clothing them with a high significance derived from the human purpose and the human intellect. If, for instance, we are to consider painting as purely religious, we must go back to the infancy of modern art, when the expression of sentiment was all in all, and the expression of life in action nothing,—when, reversing the aim of Greek art, the limbs and form were defective, while character, as it is shown in physiognomy, was delicately felt and truly rendered. And if, on the other hand, we are to consider art merely as perfect imitation, we must go to the Dutchmen of the seventeenth century. Art is only perfection when it fills us with the idea of perfection—when we are not called on to supply deficiencies, or to set limits to our demands; and this lifting up of the heart and soul, this fullness of satisfaction and delight, we find in the works of Raphael and Titian.

And though somewhat long, we must add the description of

TITIAN'S HOUSE.

It was not in the Barberigo Palace that Titian dwelt, nor did he, as has been supposed, work or die there. His residence, previous to his first famous visit to Bologna, was in a close and crowded part of Venice, in the Calli Gallipoli, near San Tomà; in the same neighbourhood Giorgione had resided, but in an open space, in front of the church of San Silvestro. The locality pointed out as Titian's residence is very much the same as it must have been in the sixteenth century; for Venice has not changed since then in expansion, though it has seen many other changes; has increased in magnificence—has drooped in decay. In this alley—for such it was and is—he lived for many years a frugal as well as a laborious life; his only certain resource being his pension as state painter, in which office he succeeded his master, Gian Bellini. When riches flowed in with royal patronage, he removed his *atelier* to a more spacious residence, in a distant beautiful quarter of the city; and, without entering into any extravagance, he proved that he knew how to spend money, as well as how to earn money, to his own honour and the delight of others. It is curious that a house so rich in associations, and, as one should suppose, so dear to Venice, should, even now, be left obscure, half-ruined, well-nigh forgotten, after being, for two centuries, unknown, unthought of. It was with some difficulty we found it. The direction given to us was, "*Nella contrada di S. Canciano, in Luogo appellato Biri-grande, nel campo Rotto, sopra la palude o Canale ch'è in faccia all' isola di Murano dove ora stanno innalzate le Fondamenta nuove*:" minute enough one would think; but even our gondolier, one of the most intelligent of his class, was here at fault. We went up and down all manner of canals, and wandered along the Fondamenta Nuove, a beautiful quay or terrace, built of solid stone, and running along

the northern shore of this part of the city. Here we lingered about, so intoxicated with the beauty of the scene, and the view over the open Lagune, specked with gondolas gliding to and fro, animated by the evening sunshine, and a breeze which blew the spray in our faces, that every now and then we forgot our purpose, only, however, to resume our search with fresh enthusiasm: diving into the narrow allies, which intersect, like an intricate net-work, the spaces between the canals; and penetrating into strange nooks and labyrinths, which those who have not seen, do not know some of the most peculiar and picturesque aspects of Venice. We were now in San Canciano, near the church of the Gesuiti, and knew we must be close upon the spot indicated; but still it seemed to elude us. At length a young girl, looking out of a dilapidated, unglazed window, herself like a Titian portrait set in an old frame—so fresh—so young—so mellow-cheeked—with the redundant tresses, and full dark eyes *alla Veneziana*, after peeping down archly on the perplexed strangers, volunteered a direction to the Casa di Tiziano, in the Campo Rotto; for she seemed to guess, or had overheard our purpose. We hesitated, not knowing how far we might trust this extemporaneous benevolence. The neighbourhood had no very good reputation in Titian's time; and, as it occurred to me, had much the appearance of being still inhabited by persons *dele quali è bello il tacere*. But one of my companions, gallantly swearing that such eyes *could* not play us false, insisted on following the instruction given; and he was right. After threading a few more of these close narrow passages, we came upon the place and edifice we sought. That part of it looking into the Campo Rotto is a low wine-house, dignified by the title of the "*Trattaria di Tiziano*;" and under its vine-shadowed porch sat several men and women regaling. The other side, still looking into a little garden (even the very "*Dilettevole giardino de Messer Tiziano*" is portioned out to various inhabitants: on the exterior wall some indications of the fresco paintings which once adorned it are still visible. A laughing, ruffianly, half-tipsy gondolier, with his black cap stuck roguishly on one side, and a countenance which spoke him ready for any mischief, insisted on being our *cicerone*; and an old shoemaker, or tailor, I forget which, did the honours with sober civility. We entered by a little gate leading into the garden, and up a flight of stone steps to an antique porch, overshadowed by a vine, which had but lately yielded its harvest of purple grapes, and now hung round the broken pillars and ballustrades, in long, wild, neglected festoons. From this entrance another flight of stone steps led up to the principal apartments, dilapidated, dirty, scantily furnished. The room, which had once been the chief saloon and Titian's *atelier*, must have been spacious and magnificent, capable of containing very large-sized pictures; the canvas, for instance, of the "*Last Supper*," painted for Philip II. We found it now portioned off, by wooden partitions, into various small tenements; still one portion of it remained, in size and loftiness oddly contrasting with the squalid appearance of the inmates. About forty years ago there was seen, on a compartment of the ceiling, a beautiful group of dancing Cupids. One of the lodgers, a certain Messer Francesco Breve, seized with a sudden fit of cleanliness, whitewashed it over; but, being made aware of his mistake, he tore it down, and attempted to cleanse off the chalk, for the purpose of selling it. What became of the maltreated relic is not known: into such hands had the dwelling of Titian descended! The little neglected garden, which once sloped down to the shore, and commanded a view over the Lagune to Murano, was now shut in by high buildings, intercepting all prospect but of the sky, and looked strangely desolate. The impression left by the whole scene was most melancholy, and no associations with the past—no images of beauty and of glory—came between us and the intrusive vulgarity of the present.

The second paper is on ADELAIDE KEMBLE, of whom a slight memoir is given, written, as we are informed, to accompany a series of drawings executed for the Marquis of TITCHFIELD, representing Miss KEMBLE in all the characters in which she appeared. The critical estimate of her genius is rather warmly coloured, but it is written with singular ease, and manifests a generous spirit. "The Xanthian Marbles" are the

subject of the next essay, which is the least interesting of the whole, both in matter and manner. The fourth paper is a critical memoir of WASHINGTON ALLSTON, the American painter, and her description of the merit of his pictures makes us pant to see them. ALLSTON was a writer also, and some extracts here presented are full of spirit and power. We take a few of them.

What light is in the natural world, such is fame in the intellectual; both requiring an *atmosphere* in order to become perceptible. Hence the fame of Michael Angelo is to some minds a nonentity; even as the sun itself would be invisible in *vacuo*.

As, thinking of the mighty dead,
The young from slothful couch will start,
And vow, with lifted hands outspread,
Like them to act a noble part?

O, who shall lightly say that fame
Is nothing but an empty name,
When, but for those our mighty dead,
All ages past a blank would be,
Sunk in oblivion's murky bed—
A desert bare—a shipless sea?
They are the distant objects seen,
The lofty marks of what hath been.

O, who shall lightly say that fame
Is nothing but an empty name,
When memory of the mighty dead
To earth-worn pilgrims' wistful eye
The brightest rays of cheering shed,
That point to immortality.

Fame has no necessary conjunction with praise; it may exist without the breath of a word: it is a *recognition* of excellence which must be felt but need not be spoken. Even the envious must feel it: feel it, and hate it in silence. I cannot believe that any man who deserved fame ever laboured for it; that is, directly. For as fame is but the contingent of excellence, it would be like an attempt to project a shadow before its substance was obtained. Many, however, have so fancied: "I write and paint for fame," has often been repeated; it should have been, "I write, I paint for reputation." All anxiety, therefore, about fame should be placed to the account of reputation. A man may be pretty sure that he has not attained excellence when it is not all in all to him. Nay, I may add, that if he looks beyond it, he has not reached it. This is not the less true for being good Irish.

The fifth, entitled "Woman's Mission and Woman's Position," is an eloquent and emphatic protest against the mischievous regulations of society by which a woman is prohibited from achieving her own independence by her own exertions. The sixth and last essay is "On the Relative Social Position of Mothers and Governesses," abounding in admirable advice, sound wholesome sentiment, unpleasing truths plainly spoken, and suggestions for the remedy of aggravated evils. She grapples with a difficult question, but one as important as difficult, and she fulfils her self-imposed mission bravely and successfully.

The volume is well adapted to the book-club, for its varied contents offer something to please every taste.

JOURNAL OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

(CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 16.)

"As a representation of manners as they were, and in many respects are still, in New England, this book is of great value. It is a succession of pictures, full of life, and though somewhat overdrawn, not the less giving life-like imaginations of many scenes which will soon cease to be. Such is the "Training-day," which was formerly a high festival, but has lost much of its hold on the reverence and affection of the people, and there is little prospect that its former glory will ever be restored. We think our author makes rather too much of our militia system, not in the way of excessive interest, but rather on the opposite side. It does not strike us that our train-bands are much in danger of breaking the

sixth commandment; blood and carnage are not the associations connected in our minds with their exhibitions; as Miss Martineau says of them, every body knows that they can fight when they see reason, but we do not think them more likely to rush into the battle from their indulging in this harmless and peaceable display.

"There was danger of another sort formerly connected with these celebrations, which was indeed more serious, and under which many went down to rise no more. The author has given a strong description of the excitement and intemperance of those occasions in former days. The latter vice, which was once so general, or rather the means of which were then so general, furnishes a frequent theme for sarcastic remark and severe description. There are very few passages anywhere more powerful than the account of the dark and hateful "Still." The poor child left alone in such a place at night, with an intoxicated brother, a roaring furnace, a hissing caldron, barrels of detestable drink all round her, and frightful shadows thrown by the angry fire, which, fed by dry hemlock, sounded like subterranean musketry, and threw out burning splinters on her sleeping brother's face, are brought before us as by a master's hand. But while we entirely approve the tone in which he speaks on this subject at large, we think he has fallen into the error so common with communities and individuals when suddenly reformed—that of representing their former state as worse than it really was. Bad enough in conscience it was; but New England was not quite transformed into one vast bar-room. Many, many there were who walked unhurt amidst the flames; and the inspiring manner in which the general feeling rose against the destroyer, and the energy of will exerted to resist it, showed that the heart of the people was still sound, and there was hope for the days to come.

"With respect to another great evil, war, which, as the author shows, is not according to the spirit of the gospel, we do not think his course in the narrative so happy. His feeling is earnestly opposed to this practice, not only as a desolating evil, but a deadly sin. But an onslaught upon the militia is not the sort of crusading expedition which is likely to reach it; not only the town of Livingston, but the whole country, might be exempted from military duty, without any approach to that state of peace and general good-will which Christianity is destined to bring. But this subject seems in a way to be brought up as a theme for intelligent and interested discussion; instead of being taken into the keeping of a party, it will be investigated by active and powerful minds; the public will at length be firmly established in some convictions which will affect the proceedings of nations, a work which the feeling of a sect would never be able to do. The duty of not resisting evil,—how far does it go? Is the Saviour's charge, "Resist not evil," to be understood like another near it, "Give to him that asketh thee?" or is it to be followed in full, and without reserve? Have we a right to resist evil with our tongues, while our hands are bound, or may we take comfort in our self-denial by abusing others with the hardest words which the language affords? Does this obligation extend only to cases in which life is concerned, and what gives the right to deprive others of liberty while the life may not be taken away? If evil may not be resisted in one way, can it be in another? and if not, how is any social system to hold together for a day? These are questions lying under this matter, which need to be patiently sifted and made clear to the public mind, before it can reach a full understanding of this whole subject of war. And since no partial views will accomplish any thing more than imperfect reforms, it is well that this subject is not likely to be *chaired* like a candidate at an English election, but debated wisely and without passion by manly and independent minds.

"The subject of capital punishment, which is of near kindred to the former, is here introduced in the fate of Chilion, the early friend of Margaret, whom she had always regarded as a brother. His character is finely sustained throughout, except in the single incident—for it could hardly be called an action—which brought his life to a close. A husking frolic, the festival which answers to the harvest home of other countries, was followed by a supper, which is the greatest failure in all the work. The revels ended in furious intoxication; and Chilion, seeing a young man apparently offering some insult to Margaret, and urged on by the reproaches of Rose, who had drunk something more than the dews of night, threw a file at the offender, which severed an artery of his neck, and inflicted a wound of which he bled to death. The author found a jury, though to a sheriff it might have been a difficult matter, who brought in a verdict of wilful murder, and the judge pronounced the sentence of the law. There are some natural and affecting scenes in the prison, but we cannot say so much of the condemnation; it is ruined by the unnatural talk of Margaret in her raving, which falls like ice upon the reader's excited feeling. But the question of capital punishment is not reached by such an imaginary case as this. Evidently nothing could be more absurd than such a penalty inflicted on such a person, where it was obvious that he could not have intended to give a fatal wound. The question is, whether capital punishment can be dispensed with. It is not to the purpose to say, that "the worst use you can put a man to is to hang him;" for this, though doubtless a smart saying, would apply equally well to shutting him up in a jail. When the truth is made clear, that this fearful penalty does not answer its purpose, or that some others can be resorted to instead of it, the public mind will be ready to surrender it; but if this is not done, it must endure till it is displaced by the advance of civilization, which has many remains of barbarism yet hanging round it, but will sooner or later lose all its taste for blood.

"There are many things in this great magazine of materials to which we should be glad to direct the attention of the reader; but we have only time to mention the description of winter, which is admirable. Thomson and Cowper have done their best on the same subject; but our author's painting surpasses theirs as much as the December storms of New England exceed the tempests which fall from their milder sky. The crimson fire throwing its warm red light through the room, the low beating of the flames, the hollow roar of the north wind over the chimney, the snow-drift gathering in wild and fanciful forms, the ice-plain silvered by the clear full moon, the ever-greens with their snowy fringes, the sublime and beautiful forms of winter, which, desolate as its aspect is, cause it to be welcomed by many, and make it a time of delight to a few,—all these things are here presented with perfect faithfulness, and therefore with beauty and power. For the benefit of those who have not seen the work we will cite a portion of this lively and truthful sketch.

"An event common in New England is at its height. It is snowing, and has been for a whole day and night, with a strong north-east wind. Let us take a moment when the storm intermits, and look in at Margaret's and see how they do. But we cannot approach the place by any of the ordinary methods of travel; the roads, lanes, and by-paths are blocked up; no horse or ox could make his way through those deep drifts, immense mounds and broad plateaus of snow. If we are disposed to adopt the means of conveyance formerly so much in vogue, whether snow-shoes or magic, we may possibly get there. The house or hut is half-sunk in a snow-bank; the waters of the pond are covered with a solid enamel as of ivory; the oxen and the cow in the barn-yard look like great horned sheep in their fleeces of snow. All is silence and lifelessness,

and if you please to say, desolation. Hens there are none, nor turkeys, nor ducks, nor birds, nor Bull, nor Margaret. If you see any signs of a human being, it is the dark form of Hash, mounted on snow-shoes, going from the house to the barn. Yet there are the green hemlocks, and pines, and firs, green as in summer, some growing along the flank of the hill that runs north from the Indian's Head, looking like the real snow-balls, blossoming in mid-winter, and nodding with large white flowers. But there is one token of life, the smoke coming from the low gray chimney, which, if you regard it as one, resembles a large, elongated, transparent balloon; or, if you look at it by piecemeal, it is a beautiful current of bluish-white vapor, flowing upward unendingly; and prettily is it striped and particoloured, as it passes successively the green trees, the bare rocks, and white crown of the hill behind; nor does its interest cease, even when it disappears among the clouds.

"Flourishing in the centre of these high-rising and broad-spreading snows, unmoved amid the fiercest onsets of the storm, comfortable in the extremity of winter, the family are all gathered in the kitchen, and occupied as may be. In the cavernous fire-place burns a great fire, composed of a huge green back-log, a large green fore-stick, and a high cob-work of crooked and knotty refuse-wood, ivy, hornbeam, and beech. Through this the yellow flame leaps and forks, and the bluish-gray smoke flows up the ample sluiceway of the chimney. From the ends of the wood the sap fries and drips on the sizzling coals below, and flies off in angry steam. Under the fore-stick great red coals roll out, sparkle a semibrief, lose their grosser substance, indicate a more ethereal essence in prototypal forms of white, down-like cinders, and then fall away into brown ashes. To a stranger the room has a sombre aspect, rather heightened than relieved by the light of the fire burning so brightly at mid-day. The only connection with the external air is by the south window-shutter being left entirely open, forming an aperture through the logs of about two feet square; yet when the outer light is so obscured by a storm, the bright fire within must anywhere be pleasant. In one corner of the room sits Pluck, in a red flannel shirt and leather apron, at work on his kit mending a shoe; with long and patient vibration and equipoise he draws the threads, and interludes the strokes with snatches of songs, banter, and laughter. The apartment seems converted into a workshop; for next the shoemaker stands the shingle-maker, Hash, who with froe in one hand and mallet in the other, by dint of smart percussion, is endeavouring to rive a three-cornered billet of hemlock, on a block. In the centre of the room sits Brown Moll, with still bristling and grizzly hair, pipe in her mouth, in a yellow woollen long-short and black petticoat, winding a ball of yarn from a windle. Nearer the fire are Chilion and Margaret, the latter also dressed in woollen, with the *Orbis Pictus*, or *World Displayed*, a book of Latin and English, adorned with cuts, which the Master lent her; the former with his violin, endeavouring to describe the notes in Dr. Byles's *Collection of Sacred Music*, also a loan of the Master's, and at intervals trailing on the lead of his father in some popular air.

"Chilion whispered his sister, and she went out for the purpose in question. It was not excessively cold, since the weather moderated as the storm increased, and she might have taken some interest in that tempestuous outer world. Her hens, turkeys, and ducks, who were all packed together, the former on their roost under the shed, the latter in one corner, also required feeding; and she went in and got boiled potatoes, which they seemed glad to make a meal of. The wind blazed and racketed through the narrow space between the house and the hill. Above, the flakes shaded and mottled the sky, and fell twirling, pitching, skimble-scumble, and anon slowly and more regularly, as in a minuet; and as they came nearer the ground they were caught up by the current, and borne in a horizontal line, like long, quick-spun, silver threads, afar over the white fields. There was but little snow in the shed, although entirely open on the south-side; the storm seeming to devote itself to building up a drift in front. This drift had now reached a height of seven or eight feet. It sloped up like the roof of a pyramid, and on the top was an appendage like a horn, or a plume, or a marble jet d'eau, or a frozen flame of fire; and the elements in all their violence, the eddies that veered about the corner of the house, the occasional side-blasts,

still dallied, and stopped to mould it and finish it; and it became thinner, and more tapering, and spiral; each singular flake adjusting itself to the very tip, with instinctive nicety; till at last it broke off by its own weight:—then a new one went on to be formed. Under this drift lay the wood Margaret was after, and she hesitated to demolish the pretty structure. The cistern was overrun with ice; the water fell from the spout in an ice tube, the half-barrel was rimmed about with a broad round moulding of ice, and where the water flowed off, it had formed a wavy cascade of ice, and under the cold snows the clear cold water could be heard babbling and singing as if it no whit cared for winter. Her great summer gobbling turkey attempted to mount the edge of the cistern to drink, but the wind blew, his feet slipped and back he fell. She took a dish and watered her poultry. From the corner of the house the snow fretted and spirted, in a continuous stream of spray. While she looked at this, she saw a flock of snow-birds borne on by the winds, endeavouring to tack their course, and run in under the shelter of the house, but the remorseless elements drifted them on, and they were apparently dashed against the woods beyond. One of the birds was seen to drop, and Margaret darted out, waded through the snow, caught the luckless or lucky wanderer, and amid the butting winds, sharp snow-rack, and smothering sheets of spray, carried it into the house. In her Book of Birds, she found it was a snow-bunting, that it was hatched in a nest of reindeer's hair near the North Pole, that it had sported among eternal solitudes of rocks and ice, and come thousands of miles. It was purely white, while others of the species receive some darker shades. She put it in the cage with Robin, who welcomed the travelled stranger with due respect.'

"If the impressions of the readers of this book are like ours, they have thought the author superior to his work, which, though it abounds in proofs of talent, has many things, though to some must impair, to others utterly destroy, its attraction. If he is one of those who feel no respect for prevailing sentiments in matters of taste, he may persist in his own way, which, as it is now, will not lead him to a throne in men's minds and hearts. But if he will pay deference to established modes of communication, which, though they might be improved, are, at present, the only channels through which extensive influence can be exerted, he may gain for himself a brilliant reputation, and, what is more to his purpose, he may be a powerful and successful instrument for bringing about those reforms which he evidently has at heart, and which will be triumphantly accomplished in happier days than ours."

JOURNAL OF NATURAL HISTORY.

A very curious meteor was observed about half-past eight in the evening of the 20th ult. at Marieux, near Autun (Saône-et-Loire). The air was calm, and the atmosphere still illuminated by the expiring reflection of the sun, when a luminous globe, of a violet tint, and appearing to the eye to be about a yard in circumference, was seen for the space of one minute, and a few seconds more, falling perpendicularly to the horizon, preserving all the time its spherical form. Although five globules, each of nearly one-fourth of the size of the principal ball, were successively detached from it, it did not lose any thing of its apparent volume. At last, when only a short distance from the horizon, it burst into a thousand particles, spreading to a wide distance.

TURTLE DOVES AT SEA.—On the 1st instant Captain J. Kyle, of the brig Jane and Ann, of Sunderland, when eighty-four miles from land, and on his passage to Hamburg, picked up a pair of turtle-doves, which had alighted on the topmast of his vessel. They were in an exhausted state, but soon recovered, and are now in his possession.—*Sunderland Herald*.

EXTRAORDINARY PHENOMENA.—Some parts of Sicily have been lately visited by dreadful tornados, which have caused considerable damage to the plantations to the westward of the island, tearing up trees by the roots, and driving every thing before them. In a plantation of 25,000 olive trees, only a few dozens are remaining. A similar thing occurred at our island on Friday last, between three and four p. m., at St.

Antonio, Balzan, Attard, and other places to the westward. The atmosphere on a sudden became obscured, and immediately after it blew a perfect hurricane. Some say it was the effect of a water spout. Trees in St. Antonio gardens and in the vicinity were torn up by the roots. A sentry in his box on guard at St. Antonio was carried away, box and all, which hurt the man very much. A small child, it is said, was actually borne away in the village of Attard, and, we believe, not yet heard of. Carts were literally sent into the air. A large quantity of barley prepared in a field for treading out, was all swept away, and not a grain to be seen. Two massive iron bars of the gate of St. Antonio were broken in pieces; the gate was closed, but opened by the force of the wind. The garden of Mr. Clincham adjoining St. Antonio was completely destroyed; trees rooted up, and others broken, about sixteen large stone columns smashed to pieces, and the garden strewn with straw and bits of lavender, brought from some distant place. We have not heard all the particulars relating to this affair, but we are given to understand the damages to be much greater than what have come to our knowledge. In parts of the country rain had fallen in torrents, which made the roads the following morning in some parts impassable.—*Malta paper*.

BEES.—Proverbial as the industry of the bee is, we should think that there are few parallels to the following:—A cast of bees was lately presented to a gentleman in Cokermonth, which in the short space of nine days produced 28½ lbs. of fine, rich honey, the whole of which was taken without destroying more than half a dozen of the industrious tenants of the hive.—*Carlisle paper*.

CURIOUS INSECT.—An insect, believed to be new to entomologists, was discovered on Sunday evening, on the North Devon coast, by Captain Edw. Fernandez; it is of the same genus as the *Lampyrus Noctiluca*, and shines like the glow-worm.

A SHOWER OF FROGS!—During the heavy thunder-storm of last week a shower of frogs fell from one of the surcharged clouds over the Humber; several dropped on the decks of vessels navigating the river, and a portion of the coast near Killingholme Lights was, for a time, covered by myriads of these strange arrivals.—*Hull Packet*.

A bull, and a pigeon which at the moment happened to be flying over it, were both killed by the electric fluid, on the farm of Mr. John Prout, Car House, near Durham, during the thunder-storm of Thursday week.

DOMESTIC SEA-GULL.—A respectable correspondent transmits to us the following scrap of natural history:—"There is in the possession of a gentleman residing in Garnet Hill, a sea-gull, of the large species, from Ailsa Craig, which he has brought up from the nest, and which has proved most serviceable by destroying the snails and slugs in his garden; but in addition to this description of feeding, he has acquired a taste for sparrows, and scarcely a day passes on which he does not regale himself with four or five of them. His system of catching them is this:—He is upon the best terms with a number of pigeons which this gentleman has; and, as the sparrows feed along with them, he mixes in the group, and, by stooping, assumes as much as possible their appearance, and then 'sets' at the sparrow as a pointer dog would do his game; the next instant he has his prey by the back, and swallows it without giving it time to shut its eyes."—*Glasgow Herald*.

THE TOURIST.

[All the world travels now-a-days. Great, therefore, will be the utility of a periodical to which every Tourist may communicate such of his experiences as to routes, sights, conveyances, inns, expenses, and the other economies of travelling, as may serve his fellow-tourists. To this design we propose to devote a distinct department of THE CRITIC, and we invite communications of the class described relative to travelling both abroad and at home.]

Stirling and its Environs. A Descriptive and Historical Sketch. Edinburgh: James Johnston. Alloa: James Lothian. 1846.

WITH our modern facilities for travelling, an increased demand has arisen for guide-books. It is most convenient for the tourist to find in the several localities he may visit, a cheap, brief, yet succinct account, historical as well as descriptive, of the scenes among which he

moves. We wish every local guide-book could lay claim to the merit of possessing these requisites with as much justice as the one before us. Mr. LOTHIAN, in *Stirling and its Environs*, has shewn that all the historical, romantic, and picturesque incidents of a country, abounding in such associations, may, by means of judicious typographical arrangement, be comprised within the limits of a small and cheap hand-book; he has rendered ample justice to the locality he treats of; his book is entertaining as well as instructive, and we therefore recommend it to all whose course lies through the neighbourhood he describes.

THE KHONDS.

THAT "there is nothing new under the sun" we believe in its widest significance, inasmuch as man's nature is the same under Queen Victoria as it was under King Solomon. Homer and Shakespeare draw the same broad outlines, with the same nice differences in the filling up, in the lights and shades of human character. But, ever and anon, there does appear to be something new under the sun of India. New tribes, new customs, new crimes, seem to succeed one another in calling forth the wonder, the indignation, or the sympathy of Europe. A few years ago the discovery of the practices of the Thugs horrified the Christian mind. Their vocation was murder—robbery and murder—hallowed by their creed. We pass by minor discoveries—bringings to light of smaller enormities—and come at once to the Khonds.

The latest advices from India tell us that "a little war" has been waged. The Duke of Wellington once said this country could not wage "a little war," but India is fertile in contradictions to all the maxims of British statesmanship or jurisprudence. The people subjected on this occasion to the operation of the little war were the Khonds, or Hill Tribes of Goomsur. These aboriginal tribes, we are told by the last Indian newspapers, are addicted to drunkenness, infanticide, and promiscuous cohabitation. They made an irruption into the British territory; three companies of Native Infantry were sent forward to meet them. On the 22nd March, 2,000 men are said to have advanced into the plains (as many more lurking in the recesses of the hills); they advanced within 200 or 300 yards of the Anglo-Indian forces, sent forward some half-hundred of yelling, hooting, cursing fanatics, who came on with wild cries, until they were within 50 paces of the sepoys, who then received orders to fire. Three Khonds fell, the rest fled precipitately. Captain Macpherson marched on Poonaghur, made prisoners of six of the principal insurgents, and so, we presume, the "little war," for the present, at least, terminated. Captain Macpherson, a highly intelligent and resolute officer, a long time resident in the Goomsur territory, rescued 173 victims from impending sacrifice, giving them up, however, to the Rajah of Bode, who guaranteed their safety.

Goomsur is situate in the British province of Orissa, which was formerly the seat of a famous monarchy. After the usual course of Oriental revolutions and changes of dynasties, Orissa, about the middle of the last century, was subdued by the Berar Maharrattas, who in all their conquests "made a solitude and called it peace." In 1804 the district fell under the British yoke. From that day to the present there have been many changes in the Zemindary. The country we speak of is traversed in its entire length by the eastern Ghats, running in an irregular line, and at irregular distances (but averaging, perhaps, from fifty to seventy miles), from the Coromandel coast. It may be popularly described as consisting of Highlands and Lowlands. In the Highlands or Alpine district are three distinct tribes—the Sourabs in the south, the Koles in the north, the Khonds in the middle country. We profess in this article to treat only of the Khonds.

We will first merely sketch their more human, or as an old writer would have worded it, their more *humane* characteristics. These greatly resemble what once distinguished the Highlanders of Scotland; they are hardy, brave, hospitable, superstitious, and vindictive.

In their "hospitality" the Khonds bear out the resemblance we have alluded to. Hospitality with them is not merely a virtue or a duty, it is a necessity. So with the Scottish High-

landers, the bitterest feudal enemy, with his hostile clan's best blood but recently wiped from his hands, was safe if he broke bread with his antagonists. Without that bond he would have been savagely and remorselessly hunted to death; with it he stood secure, and could even

— from his deadliest foeman's door
Unquestioned turn, the banquet o'er.

The infraction of hospitality was the bitterest reproach to which a Highland chieftain could be subjected. Macdonalds, Macgregors, Camerons, Campbells, Grants, Macphersons, one and all, would rather have been called homicides than churls. We extract Captain Macpherson's account of the Khond hospitality:—

"As might be anticipated of such a people, they are 'given to hospitality.' The duty is equally imperative upon all. 'For the safety of a guest,' say they, 'life and honour are pledged; he is to be considered before a child.' Every stranger is an invited guest; and any person may acquire, under any circumstances, the privileges of the character by simply claiming them. No person, whether Khond or Hindu, can appear at a Khond village without being invited to enter; and the burden of public hospitality does not fall more upon the Abbaya than upon any one else. There is no limit to the period to which hospitality may extend. A guest can never be turned away, and his treatment must be that of a member of the family. Fugitives upon any account whatever, from the same or other tribes, must be received and protected. If a man, even though a murderer, can make his way by any means into the house of his enemy, it is considered a case of refuge, and he cannot be touched, although his life has been forfeited to his involuntary host by the law of blood revenge. Sometimes, however, when an enemy or criminal thus makes himself a guest, the house may be vacated; food may thus be refused to him, and he may be killed if he comes out. But such a proceeding is very rarely considered justifiable.

"The inviolable sacredness attached to the right of hospitality was remarkably exemplified in the case of Dora Bisaye." (One of the principal chieftains of Khondistan, but at that time a fugitive, and proscribed by the British government.) "He was their guest. They viewed with horror the violation of hospitality. 'Give up,' said the British government, 'give up Dora Bisaye and the other leaders, and your villages will cease to burn, and yourselves and your helpless wives and children will cease to suffer.' But no, death itself was braved in preference."

The "feud" descended from the Scottish Highland chieftain to his successor,

— as due a part of his inheritance,
As the strong castle and the ancient blazon,
Where private vengeance holds the scales of justice.

Where the chieftain had but a few barren mountains or moors to bequeath, the feud—a bloody mortgage—was inalienably attached to the heirship. It does not appear that feuds among the Khonds are so strictly hereditary. Perhaps the knowledge of their feelings in that respect is as yet hardly understood by Captain Macpherson, or the best informed Europeans. Of their bitterness in avenging what they account *personal* wrongs or insults, however, there is no question. Again, the similarity to the Gaels is manifest. Ferocious, as Capt. Macpherson shows the Khonds' internal warfare to be, it is not without its parallel.

The following is Captain Macpherson's account of the feuds, so to speak, of the Khonds:—

"The evil qualities or vices that mar the moral constitution and temperament of the Khonds are not less marked than their natural virtues. Foremost we may place the spirit of retaliation and revenge. In cases of murder revenge is recognised as an individual right, inherently belonging to the nearest relatives of the deceased; only it is optional without incurring disgrace, to accept of private satisfaction of some substantial equivalent instead. Moreover, the ideas of the Khonds on moral and social rights and duties being necessarily few and vague, uncertain and perplexed, there is often, combined with childlike reason, on such objects a maturity in passion. Hence it is that, apart from acknowledged cases of bloodshed, they are often seen to gratify their baser appetites, indulge their resentment or revenge, with all the selfishness, brutality, and headstrong fury of the barbarian. In special cases, such as

those connected with human sacrifice, there is periodically manifested a revolting cruelty—a savage ferocity—that cannot be outmatched by the Indian scalping-knife or tomahawk. To all this may be added the habit of lawless plunder, after the manner of freebooters, in some; and an addiction to the debasing and unhumanizing vice of drunkenness, in all. At the season of periodical intoxication—the blowing of the *mow* flower—of which their favourite spirit is made, the country is literally covered with frantic and senseless groups of men. And though usually the women share more sparingly in the liquor cup, they yet, on public festival occasions, partake in every form of social enjoyment—food, drink, extemporary songs, recitations, and dancing—mingling freely and without shame with the other sex, both married and unmarried, in more than saturnalian licence and revelry, which often terminate in gross and nameless excesses, and, as the guests are armed, not unfrequently in sanguinary brawls."

The drunkenness and bloody superstitious rites consequent upon this horrid warfare are, happily, peculiar to the Khonds.

The Khond, like the Gael, is susceptible of the influence of music and poetry. He has his war songs, his incantations, his funeral dirges. * * *

In their religious belief—or perhaps it would be more correct to say, in their superstitious observances, for polytheists have little belief—the Khonds resemble the Greeks, whose mythology has been praised as "picturesque," notwithstanding that their deities were but sorry specimens of humanity (human they were in all their passions), to say nothing of them as divinities. Pope truly describes these classic immortals—

Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust,
Whose attributes were rage, revenge, or lust.

The list of the Khondish divinities is a formidable one. They have gods of arms, of limits, of small-pox, of barrenness, of rain, of hunting, of rivers, of fountains, and of tanks. Besides these, they have the sun god (but not ceremoniously worshipped, as among the ancient Peruvians), the moon god, and the village god, and the presiding deity of all, the earth goddess. The powers ascribed to these beings may be pretty accurately guessed from their titles. Neither are these all; they have minor and local tutelary deities, some partly resembling the old Lares and Penates; others regarded with feelings, and worshipped with rites, perfectly inexplicable; for "that," says Dr. Johnson, "which reason did not originate, reason cannot explain." They have no temples, and their worship, like that of most, perhaps all, savages, is the offspring of fear; their ceremonies and sacrifices are to avert the wrath of their offended divinities. The spirit in which the earth goddess is approached by her votaries is plainly shewn in a verse from one of the Khondish hymns of invocation:—

Goddess that taught mankind to feel
Poison in plants, and death in steel,
A fearful lore;
Forgive, forgive, and ne'er again
Shall we neglect thy shrine to stain
With human gore.

We now come to what may be called the inhuman peculiarities of the Khonds, when all similarity to the noble race of the Gael ceases.

Throughout all the southern Khond districts, "female infanticide" prevails. This custom almost blots the Khond from out of the great chapter of humanity. It has not its origin in any superstitious feeling—it is no offering to

—Moloch, horrid king, besmeared with blood
Of human sacrifice, and parents' tears—

it appears to spring from the vilest and most sordid feelings that can degrade mankind. We trust our rulers will deal with it strongly and speedily.

Among these wild mountaineers the husband must buy his wife, who at her marriage is fifteen or sixteen years of age, but always four or five years older than her bridegroom. The boy-bridegroom has no means to purchase the luxury of a helpmate, so that the whole arrangement is completed by the elders. The father of the prospective husband bargains with the father of the intended wife, and pays him for his daughter so many head of cattle, 20 to 30. The wife then becomes a valuable domestic drudge in her father-in-law's household. The marriage rite is simple; the family and friends of the boy to be married bear rice and strong drink in a sort of proces-

sion to the house of the girl's parents. The priest pours out a libation; hands are joined by the respective fathers, and the wedding contract is declared complete. Then ensues a scene of revelry, dancing, and singing. "When the night is far spent," says Macpherson, "the principals in the scene are borne through the dance. The burdens are suddenly exchanged, and the uncle of the youth disappears with the bride. The assembly divides into two parties. The friends of the bride endeavour to arrest those of the bridegroom to cover her flight; and men, women, and children mingle in mock conflict, which is often carried to great lengths. Thus the semblance of forcible abduction attends the withdrawal of the bride amongst the Orisson Khonds, as it did amongst many nations of ancient Europe, and now does amongst the tribes of the Caucasus!" In some of the nations of ancient Europe this ceremony was attributed to the precedent established in the Rape of the Sabines. To what it owes its introduction among the Khonds will, perhaps, never be known.

It is evident from this brief statement that women are valuable, in a mercenary sense, among the Khonds, and we will next shew how they come to be so. The life of no female infant is spared, except when a woman's first-born is a girl, or when some powerful person wishes to rear a daughter for the sake of forming a connection with some other family of consideration by inter-marriage. The little innocents are exposed in the nearest jungle immediately after birth, and Captain Macpherson found many villages without a single female child! The scarcity of women thus renders them valuable as objects of traffic, and there seems no reason to doubt that the profit to be acquired from his one daughter, reconciles the unnatural father to sacrifice all the others. Nor is the profit realised in the bridal the only inducement to this horrible outrage. The marriage bonds are loosely worn and frequently broken, the woman loses all little character by her infidelity as she acquires honour by her constancy. In fact the number of their lovers is often a boast among the wives of these hill tribes. Each man, however, who has been convicted of an intrigue with a married woman must pay to her husband, by way of compensation, twelve head of cattle and one pig. This payment is called *prunju*, and after its receipt the wittol is considered to have no reasonable grounds for dissatisfaction. We do not wish in any respect to malign the character of the Khonds, but we must say that their *prunju* is nearly as senseless and indefensible a procedure as our own highly civilised mode of punishing adultery by "damages." The Khondish arrangement may be thought somewhat preferable to the British, inasmuch as the penalty is fixed and definite, while our Christian jurisprudence allows it to be uncertain, to fluctuate from a farthing upwards, denying a remedy to a poor man at all.

When, however, a Khondish woman leaves her husband for another, the father of the faithless spouse is bound to return the marriage-purchase to the injured husband. This is often attended with such difficulty, often reduces the woman's father to such poverty, that many a parent, rather than have this tax impending over him, would relinquish the chance of bettering his condition by receiving the cattle for his one daughter on the occasion of her espousals; at any rate it renders a father exceedingly averse to have more than one, as a family of daughters would be certain to entail upon him a constant return of their wedding-price. Here, then, is another motive prompting the Khonds to perpetuate this horrible practice—a powerful motive—by which "Mammon leads them on" to the most detestable violation of the first laws of nature. That women are not allowed to become numerous, in order that they may be marketably valuable to the father, in the first instance, and not expose him too often to the hateful necessity of refunding, in the second, is further evidenced by this fact. In the adjacent district of Bodoghoro, female infanticide is held in abhorrence; and, though the same marriage ceremonies prevail there, the price of a wife is merely nominal, three or four rupees. Nothing can more fully shew the devilish unnaturalness of the Khonds than this brief statement from Captain Macpherson:—

"At the lowest estimate, above one thousand female children must be destroyed annually in the districts of Pondacole, Gulodye, and Bori."

On the "drunkenness" of the Khonds we need not dwell. An insane fondness for inebriating beverages is common to

many savage tribes, North American and others. It may be attributed to a natural love of change. The hardships and privations of savage life render the savage desirous of indulging to excess, when the means can be obtained.

The last characteristic of Khondish life on which we shall dilate is the prevalence among them of "human sacrifices." It is an article of faith with them that the earth was once a barren mass, incapable of culture, and that the Earth-goddess demanded blood; a child was then sacrificed, and the curse of sterility departed from the land. Hence, say the priests, originated these rites.

The sacrifices are both public and private. To swell the number of public victims, each farm must contribute one life at the spring and fall of the year: victims must be sacrificed if the seasons are inauspicious, if sickness prevail, or if the flocks suffer from disease, or from the ravages of wild beasts; or if there be failure in the crops, or illness or death in the household of the Abbaya or Patriarch, the government of the Khonds being of a decidedly patriarchal character. Private sacrifices are to promote individual schemes. One condition is never to be departed from—the victim must be purchased: an unbought offering being offensive to the deity. The victims are known as Merias, and are supplied to the Khonds by a class of Hindu purveyors, called Panwas, who "purchase them, without difficulty, upon false pretences, or kidnap them from the poorer classes of Hindus in the low country, either to the order of the Abbayas, or upon speculation." The lives of the Merias are sometimes spared for a season, whilst a certain degree of sacredness attaches to the character.

The rites are so horrid, that it is with some reluctance we transfer a portion of Captain Macpherson's recital to our pages, but our account would be incomplete without it. The ceremony is preceded by feasting and riot, which lasts two days:—

"On the third morning the victim is refreshed with a little milk and palm sago; while the licentious feast, which has scarcely been intermitted during the night, is vociferously renewed. The acceptable place for the intended sacrifice has been discovered, during the previous night, by persons sent out for this purpose. The ground is probed in the dark with long sticks; and the first deep chink that is pierced is considered the spot indicated by the Earth-goddess. As the victim must not suffer bound, nor, on the other hand, exhibit any show of resistance, the bones of his arms, and, if necessary, those of his legs, are now broken in several places. The priest, assisted by the Abbaya and by one or two of the elders of the village, then take the branch of a green tree which is cleft a distance of several feet down the centre. They insert the Meria within the rift, fitting in, in some districts, to his chest, in others to his throat. Cords are now twisted round the open extremity of the stake, which the priest, aided by his assistants, strives with his whole force to close. All preparations being now concluded, about noon the priest gives the signal by slightly wounding the victim with his axe. Instantly the promiscuous crowd, that ere while had issued forth with stunning shouts and pealing music, rush with maddening fury upon the sacrifice, wildly exclaiming, 'We bought you with a price, and no sin rests on us'—they tear his flesh in pieces from the bones! And thus the horrid rite is consummated! Each man then bears away his bloody shreds to his fields, and from thence returns straight home. For three days after the sacrifice the inhabitants of the village which afforded it remain dumb, communicating with each other only by signs, and remaining unvisited by strangers. At the end of this period a buffalo is slaughtered at the place of sacrifice, when all tongues are loosened."

The Khonds are strongly and symmetrically formed; their colour varies from a light to a deep copper; the expression of their countenances shews acuteness and resoluteness. Their arms are the bow and the sling, in the use of both of which they are as expert as any of Homer's or Captain Cook's heroes; they have also war-axes. Agriculture is in a prosperous condition, and they are both herdsmen and tillers of the soil. Their dress consists of a cloth bound round the middle, and hanging down in the fashion of a skirt, but their war-toilet is much more elaborate. They are addicted to belief in magic, and their cures for the diseases most prevalent, small-pox and fever, are mostly mummeries.—*India Examiner.*

ART.

THE LATE MR. B. R. HAYDON.—A meeting of gentlemen took place at the chambers of Mr. Serjeant Talfourd, in Serjeant's'-inn, to devise some means of providing for the widow and daughter of the late Mr. Haydon, the melancholy circumstances of whose decease are still fresh in the recollection of our readers. Among the gentlemen present were Lord Morpeth, Sir J. C. Hobhouse, M.P. Dr. Bowring, M.P. Mr. W. Hamilton, Count D'Orsay, the Rev. Dr. Croly, Mr. Serjeant Talfourd, and Mr. Jerdan. Lord Morpeth was called upon to preside, and his Lordship, in common with every gentleman who took part in the proceedings, expressed his deep concern at the deplorable death of Mr. Haydon, and his sympathy with that unfortunate gentleman's widow and daughter, who, in consequence of the embarrassed state of Mr. Haydon's affairs, are left in a state of utter destitution. Several resolutions were proposed and adopted, the first embodying an expression of deep regret at Mr. Haydon's death, which had been caused by distraction of mind consequent on his pecuniary embarrassments. The second and third resolutions were in the following terms:—"That without presuming to offer any judgment as to the place which Mr. Haydon will ultimately fill in the annals of his art, or any opinion on the controversies in which he was sometimes engaged, this meeting feels that the efforts of his genius, and the circumstances of misfortune which obstructed them, justify an expression of public sympathy with his widow and daughter. That such expression would be most fitly conveyed by securing a permanent provision to his widow and daughter, left wholly destitute by his death; and that a public subscription be opened for that purpose." Mr. Serjeant Talfourd read a letter he had received from Sir R. Peel, expressing his regret that the pressure of public business would prevent him from attending the meeting, and stating that the Queen had been pleased to grant Mrs. Haydon a pension from the Civil List of 50*l.* a year. The right hon. baronet requested, that in the event of a subscription being determined upon, his name might be put down for 100*l.* as a contribution from his private purse. It was stated that Lady Peel had assigned a pension of 25*l.* a year to Mrs. Haydon out of a fund over which, from her position, she has control; and that Sir Robert Peel, having found that a son of Mr. Haydon, who held a situation in the Customs, was of sufficient standing to receive promotion, immediately gave him a step in rank. The prompt generosity evinced by Sir R. Peel in promoting the welfare of this unfortunate family was warmly eulogised; and the following resolution was unanimously adopted:—"That the thanks of this meeting be respectfully tendered to the Right Hon. Sir R. Peel, for his prompt and considerate attention to the application made to him for assistance by the deceased Mr. Haydon, and for his munificent acts of kindness towards his family." Lord Morpeth, Sir J. C. Hobhouse, Mr. Serjeant Talfourd, and Mr. W. Hamilton, were appointed trustees of the subscription. A committee was formed to carry the resolutions into effect, and a vote of thanks having been given to the noble chairman, the proceedings terminated. The subscriptions announced at the meeting (including Sir R. Peel's contribution of 100*l.*) amounted to upwards of 400*l.* It was stated by several gentlemen well acquainted with the position of Mr. Haydon's family, that the peculiar circumstances of the case rendered prompt exertion on their behalf most essential; and a confident hope was expressed that the differences which had existed between Mr. Haydon and many of his professional contemporaries, would not prevent them from aiding to alleviate the distress of the widow and daughter of a talented and able, though an eccentric and unfortunate artist.

The Royal Academy has sent a donation of 50*l.* towards the fund for the relief of the widow and family of the late Mr. Haydon.

MONUMENT TO SIR WALTER SCOTT.—A meeting of the auxiliary committee of the Scott monument was held at Edinburgh, on Monday, in the saloon of the Royal Hotel, A. Robertson, esq. of Eldin, in the chair. Councillor Dick, the convener of the committee, read the report, which was as follows:—"Your sub-committee beg to report that the following is the state of the funds—Amount of subscriptions, &c. 2,405*l.* 1*s.* 8*d.*; paid over to the building fund in 1843, 2,000*l.*; paid for statue of Last Minstrel, 124*l.* 12*s.*; paid over

to building fund in 1845, 392l. 9s. 8d.—total, 2,405l. 1s. 8d. Arrangements have been made for the completion of the monument on the 15th of August next, being the anniversary of the birth-day of Sir Walter Scott, when the statue, which will then be in its place, will be uncovered, and the edifice inaugurated with the usual ceremonies. Your sub-committee have been in communication with the secretary of the Grand Lodge of Scotland, who is shortly to bring the subject before a meeting of the Grand Lodge committee. A dinner in the Music Hall has been suggested, to which your committee have already given some attention." It was agreed, on the motion of Baillie Gillon, seconded by Mr. Law, to approve of the suggestion of having a public dinner on the 15th of August, and to request the sub-committee to take the necessary steps for carrying the same into effect, and, in conjunction with the original sub-committee, and other public bodies, to make the proper arrangements for the inauguration of the monument.—*Edinburgh Witness*.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS.—Mr. Lough, the eminent sculptor, has just presented to this institution his group, in plaster, representing Samson slaying the Philistines, a monument of the artist's liberality, and correct anatomical skill.

PAINTING ON LAVA.—A painting on lava, by T. Jollivet, the subject taken from Holy Writ, and destined for the porch of the church of St. Vincent de Paul, at Paris, has lately attracted the attention of connoisseurs and artists in the French capital. One of the eminent advantages of painting on lava is its brilliant effect, and its resistance to the intemperance of the seasons, as it offers all the consistency of mosaic, without requiring the labour in its execution demanded by the latter. The principal difficulty to be overcome in enamel painting is the glassy appearance, which deteriorates the effect of opaque objects. This difficulty has been completely set aside, and the painting on lava presents all the effect of the most highly finished enamel. M. Jollivet's painting is on a surface of ten metres (about thirty-three feet), consisting of four plates of lava.

MUSIC.

Songs without words; for the Harp. Composed by CHARLES OBERTHUR. Nos. 1, 2, 3. London: Wessel & Co.

See the Mariner returning. The fourth of PISCHEK's songs. Composed by CHARLES OBERTHUR. London: Wessel & Co.

The Moon is gleaming. Song composed by CHARLES OBERTHUR. London: Wessel & Co.

Art thou thinking of me, beloved? Words by Mrs. DARBY; Music by CHARLES OBERTHUR. London: Bingley.

A SERIES of compositions in the true spirit of German music. Mr. OBERTHUR is a man of genius, as all will admit, who have heard his strains pealing in organ tones, now loud as a trumpet, now soft as a flute, from the masterly lips of PISCHEK. The three numbers of harp music contain each three songs, which are literally composed without words; that is to say, we presume the writer had a song in his mind, and wrought his music to its sentiment. And very ably has he executed his novel task. Of the veritable songs, all will please those who like the German style.

HEREFORD FESTIVAL.—Some further engagements have been made. In addition to the vocal and instrumental performers whose names have already been given, Miss Dolby has been engaged by the committee. A good deal of fuss has been made, and an unpleasant feeling has been created, in consequence of a determination said to have been come to by the committee, not to make any engagements of chorus singers from the local harmonic societies, but to choose them exclusively from the metropolitan bands. Without offering any opinion on the policy of such a determination, if it exists, we may state that an attempt has been made to exclude the cathedral choirs of Worcester and Gloucester from engagements at the next Hereford meeting. This certainly seems a most impolitic attempt, as it must be inferred that

parties who are in the habit of daily singing and practising sacred music must be fully competent, at the least, to the fulfilment of a chorus singer's engagement at the "festivals of the three choirs." It is to be hoped that these little differences will be judiciously and early arranged.—*Musical World*.

The Directors of the Philharmonic Society gave a dinner at Blackwall, on Friday week, to Signor Costa, the conductor of the concerts, as a mark of their respect for his character and talents, of their approbation of the able and excellent manner in which he has performed the duties of his office, and of their satisfaction with its successful results. Mr. Anderson was in the chair, and the vice-chairman was Mr. Lucas. All the directors were present, and the evening was spent with a harmony which, we trust, augurs similar harmony, on the part of the society, respecting the permanency of an appointment which has been productive of so much benefit.

We are assured (says the *Gazette Musicale*) that the Countess Rossi, formerly Mademoiselle Sontag, has serious intentions of re-appearing on the stage.

The same journal contradicts the report lately circulated, that Mario is about to marry a rich Englishwoman.

Berlioz has been elected an honorary member of the Philharmonic Society of Vienna.

A medal has been struck to commemorate the late grand festival at Cologne. It represents the gate of the city and the façade of the cathedral. On the obverse is a bard seated under an oak, with his right hand resting upon a harp, the only instrument, probably, that was not heard on the occasion.

Leopold de Meyer, the celebrated pianist, who has been giving concerts at New Orleans to crowded audiences, took it into his head to announce a concert, the proceeds of which were to be employed in forming a band of music to be attached to the volunteers to serve against Mexico. Some of the journals, however, pointed out that it would be *infra dig.* in the American republic to accept such assistance from a foreigner; and the consequence was, that the concert produced something less than 50l. sterling, which, however, he handed over to the governor of the state.

MILAN, JUNE 17.—The annual dramatic representation by the pupils of the Conservatoire at Milan, took place last week. The opera is the production of one of the pupils of Antonio Cagnoni, and is entitled *Idue Savojardi*; it was very successful, and reflects great credit on the author. Two choruses, beautifully executed by the lady pupils (who are under the able instruction of Mazzucati) were received with enthusiasm; they were beautifully and accurately interpreted.

GOSSIP.—It is said, on good authority, that the management of our Italian Opera has invited Herr Pischek for a two months' visit, in 1847, to perform in *Don Giovanni*, *Zampa*, and an Italian translation of Spohr's *Faust*. Herr Staudigl is expected in England early in August, to bear a prominent part in the Birmingham music. A whisper mentions the possibility of Miss Bassano appearing at Drury-lane in the coming autumn, or early winter. In another fortnight the tide of music will begin to ebb; and the singers, players, &c. who have reaped guineas (or spent them) to disperse. Then, too, the tourists will be on the look out "for foreign celebrations," &c. As these matters are, day by day, becoming more accessible, precise information is much to be desired; yet, without keeping a perpetual watch on every local journal, this is not to be had. So great is the inconvenience, that we would suggest to all foreign committees of management, &c. the wisdom of forwarding authentic announcements of their proceedings, either to the principal journals or the principal music-shops of London. Nine out of ten tourists now miss what they would most seek, for want of such invitation. We are convinced that the slight expense incurred would bring its own repayment. The foreign musical papers are "stirred," as well they may be, by the announcement that Dr. Mendelssohn is writing an opera for Mdlle. Jenny Lind, to be given at Berlin. In this matter, they are stirred, we regret to say, after a fashion not unusual with them, jumping at certainties long ere the parties most concerned have arranged preliminaries. We can state, on what may be considered good authority, that Dr. Mendelssohn is *not* at work as yet—the *libretto* not having been fixed upon. Neither, were the opera completed to-morrow, is there any certainty of its being given at Berlin.—*Athenæum*.

THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

ADELPHI.—On Monday evening as pleasant a little piece as we ever remember to have seen was brought out here. It is adapted by Mr. BUCKSTONE, from *L'Image*, and is called *The Maid with the Milking-pail*; the time is 1668. The dialogue is most lively, the plot complete, and the acting of Mrs. FITZWILLIAM and Mr. WRIGHT quite perfect. The tale is this:—*Algernon*, an artist (Mr. BOYCE), had, before the piece opens, loved, and, as he thought, lost, a certain *Lady Lucy*, who had patronised and assisted him in London. To save himself from this hopeless passion, he flies the town, and while in the country hears of the death, first, of his lady's husband, and afterwards of *Lady Lucy* herself. *Lady Lucy*, it seems, had a tyrannical husband, to escape from whom she has herself reported dead, and flies to the country, where she takes the character of a milkmaid, not a refined and ladylike one, but one so thoroughly provincial, that not even *Algernon* or *Lord Philander*, her relation, can recognize anything but the likeness of face and form. The scene opens with the meeting, after a protracted absence, of *Algernon* and *Lord Philander*, whom he had formerly known in London, and, speaking of old times, he observes that he has in vain tried to sketch a likeness of the lost *Lady Lucy* from memory, his lordship informs him of the strange likeness to be found in the person of *Milly*, the milkmaid. *Algernon* sees her, and is in raptures as long as she does not speak, but when her mouth opens the vision is dispelled by the broadest of provincial dialects. The affected simplicity and bluntness of the would-be milkmaid in her interviews with *Algernon* are irresistibly amusing. She is dressed in some fine clothes of her ladyship's, and is made to sit for her portrait to *Algernon*; while reading a newspaper, in order to get an easy attitude, she sees the death of her cruel lord; she faints, and the cause for concealment no longer existing, on recovery again becomes *Lady Lucy*. We have some excellent fun in the character of *Disson*, a shepherd, Mr. WRIGHT, whom *Lord Philander* proposes taking into his service on condition of his marrying *Milly*, whom, for particular reasons, which her beauty explains, he wants to have near him. The wavering between the beautiful *Milly* and a certain red-haired barmaid, who has got "ten pund for a fort'en," is one of the drollest pieces of acting we have seen for a long time, particularly from Mr. WRIGHT, who now seldom attempts anything but buffoonery. In this sketch of the plot, we can give no idea of the wit and humour of the dialogue, and the drollery of situations of this piece, still less can we give an idea of the acting. The greatest admirers of Mrs. FITZWILLIAM, among which we number, will be surprised to see her looking and acting so consummately. *The Maid with the Milking-pail* will most certainly very soon become a standard piece. On Wednesday, upon the occasion of the benefit of Mrs. FITZWILLIAM, an entire novelty appeared on the boards, to wit, Mr. BUCKSTONE's *Single Life*, with the principal characters performed by Mr. BUCKSTONE and Mrs. GLOVER. This novelty was followed by the popular drama of *The Green Bushes*, performed there for the first time at half-price. We need not say that there was a crowded house, and that Mrs. FITZWILLIAM was enthusiastically received; what surprises us is, that, being for the benefit of that lady, part of the performances did not consist of the pleasant little piece we have criticised above.

FRENCH PLAYS, ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.—We attended here on Monday evening, in the high expectation of seeing Mademoiselle RACHEL, who had been announced for that evening; but we found, to our great mortification and sorrow, that illness had detained her in France, and our vexation enables us all the more heartily to sympathise with that of the lessee; but we trust that the delay will be but a short one, and that this greatest of living tragedians will be with us in time to make her appearance while yet London is undeserted by that class which, for the most part, fills the stalls and boxes of this aristocratic establishment. Great and various as have been the attractions provided here by the energetic liberality of Mr. MITCHELL, the first appearance of Mademoiselle RACHEL on his boards will undoubtedly be the event of his managerial career so far; and we can therefore fully appreciate how great must have been his disappointment at this untoward, but really inevitable delay. In lieu of the performance of Mademoiselle RACHEL, Mademoiselle DEJAZET and LA FONT, who remained in England for the sole purpose of co-operating to the efficiency of Mr. MITCHELL's benefit, appeared in several of their most popular characters, with that prompt and ungrudging good-nature which is a characteristic of French actors. Mr. MITCHELL's benefit took place on Wednesday, and, judging from appearances, we are disposed to believe it to have been as beneficial as the lessee's eminent deserts fully entitled him to expect.

The only novelty at the Haymarket is a most satisfactory performance of *Twelfth Night*, which we witnessed the other evening.

At the Princess's, CHARLES MATHEWS and Madame Vestris continue to delight.

CREMORNE GARDENS.—Preparations have been making on a large scale for the last fortnight, at these gardens, for a public breakfast, which is advertised to take place on Wednesday next. A splendid octagonal orchestra has been erected for the musical performances, which will consist of madrigals, glees, quartetts, and solos, from the original compositions of Dr. ARNE. This breakfast will be so managed as to be a close imitation of the fêtes which were formerly given in Ranelagh, and of which most of our readers have heard something. The services of LEFLER, GRATTAN, COOKE, CARTE, and Miss TERRY have been secured. LAURENT and LODER will be there, and in addition to the attraction of these and many more, the choruses from the Italian Opera House, and the Ancient Concerts under M. SALEMBERT, the chorus master, will attend. The attempt to recuscitate the amusements of our ancestors is worthy of public patronage, and we are mistaken if it fails to secure it.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—This admirable institution continues to attract crowds of every class of the community—the gay, the fashionable, the young and the old, the man of science and the amateur—for the purpose of witnessing the ingenious and splendid collection of every specimen of modern science and art which is there exhibited. There is not within the circumference of this great metropolis an institution which affords more instruction, combined with amusement, to all, but particularly the younger and studious portion of the community, than the Polytechnic Institution. The newest inventions in machinery and cotton spinning, the latest discoveries in every science and in every art, whether it be railways, ship building, or of the various branches connected with mechanics, are all most correctly and ingeniously delineated, and what is of even more value, their properties are explained by persons who are in attendance for that purpose. The fine arts have also received due attention, and, in fact, whatever there is curious or useful in the invention in modern days can be seen at this establishment. Then, independently of all these advantages, men of science are engaged giving lectures in every branch to those who frequent it, and no further charge is made than that paid at the entrance. One of the most useful and interesting lectures of this kind was delivered during the week by Dr. RYAN, on experimental philosophy. Though only half an hour was allowed the learned lecturer, and three-fourths of his auditors must have been ignorant of the subject, yet he enforced his ideas so clearly, and illustrated them so successfully by experiments, that at its conclusion he was warmly applauded. We had also the gratification of hearing an admirable lecture from the other professor, Dr. BACHHOFFNER, on natural philosophy.

PLACES OF PUBLIC AMUSEMENT.

NOW OPEN.

[For the accommodation of our numerous country subscribers during their visits to town, we purpose to insert regularly a list of the sights to be seen. This list will be corrected and enlarged from time to time.]

BRITISH MUSEUM, Great Russell-street. Open every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, from 10 to 4, gratis.

NATIONAL GALLERY, Trafalgar-square. Open every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, from 10 to 4, gratis.

THEATRES.—Haymarket—Princess's, Oxford-street—French Plays, St. James's Theatre, King-street, St. James's—Adelphi, Strand—Lyceum, Strand—Sadler's Wells, City-road—Surrey, Blackfriars-road. All daily.

PANORAMA, Leicester-square. Every day.

DIORAMA, Regent's-park. Every day.

COSMORAMA, Regent-street. Every day.

THE TOWER. Daily, from 10 to 4.

MADAME TUSSAUD'S WAX-WORK, Baker-street.

CHINESE EXHIBITION, Hyde-park-corner.

POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION, Langham-place. Daily, from 10 to 11 at night.

THE COLOSSEUM, Regent's-park. Day and night.

ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, Regent's-park. Daily, but the visitor must be provided with a member's order.

SURREY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS, Kennington. Daily.

MISCELLANEOUS EXHIBITIONS now open are—M. Phillipe's Conjuring, Strand Theatre, every evening—Ethiopian Serenaders, St. James's Theatre, Tuesdays and Thursdays.—Tableaux Vivants, Dubourg's Rooms, Windmill-street, daily, morning and evening.

NECROLOGY.

MATTHEW HENRY BARKER.

On Monday se'nnight died Matthew Henry Barker, the author of between twenty and thirty volumes, chiefly naval novels and sketches of life at sea. He was better known,

perhaps, as the "Old Sailor;" and those who had the pleasure of his acquaintance esteemed him as a highly warm-hearted, open-spoken, honest-minded man. He was the son of a dissenting minister, who for nearly half a century preached in the same chapel at Deptford, and brother of a schoolmaster in the same place, who contributed some papers on astronomy to "Time's Telescope," and reported on the same subject in the early days of the *Literary Gazette*. When quite a boy he took a fancy for a sea life, and the war being then very brisk, there was no difficulty in getting afloat. For many years the future author endured the vicissitudes of a naval career in times of peril and difficulty. He was in several actions, and sailed in various parts of the globe; and the scenes of bloodshed, shipwreck, and captivity he witnessed and endured, became in after-life the subjects for his pen. He first entered on board an East Indianman, and was afterwards in the royal navy, where, having no influence, he never rose beyond the rank of master's mate. Towards the end of the war he commanded a hired armed schooner, chiefly employed in carrying despatches to our squadrons on the southern coasts of France and Spain. He was for some time a prisoner of war, and used to describe very graphically the sufferings of himself and his companions. At the conclusion of hostilities he took up the pen as a profession, and obtained an engagement as editor of a West Indian newspaper, and subsequently accepted and retained for many years a similar engagement upon one of the Nottingham journals. Whilst in that town he made many friends, and though a firm supporter of liberal principles, employed his influence to check the wild delusions and criminal efforts of the physical force Chartists. At Nottingham he wrote some of his best books, and for a series of years afterwards plied his pen with great zeal and success. He wrote a "Memoir of Nelson," which Sir Harris Nicolas, in the "Nelson Despatches," commends very highly. His chief novels were—"Nights at Sea," which appeared in *Bentley's Miscellany*; "The Victory;" "Hamilton King;" "The Jolly Boat;" and "Greenwich Hospital." Some of these were illustrated by George Cruikshank, who became his friend, and continued so till the last. When on his death bed, he sent for that artist, to receive his latest wishes—a summons promptly and kindly obeyed. Like most writers below the chief rank, he was forced to labour in his vocation after failing health had warned him that rest of mind and body were requisite, and up to the Wednesday before his death he struggled at his duty as the naval editor of the *United Service Gazette*, and as a writer in the paper which now pays the deserved tribute of this notice to his memory. Peace to his manes!—*Pictorial Times*.

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

TWO SONNETS.

BY GEORGE J. O. ALLMAN.

I stood upon the beach at early dawn;
The heavens were fair, and bright the rising sun;
'T was summer, yet, of summer clouds, not one
Its disc o'ershadow'd on that lovely morn,
And seem'd all promising; but soon were born
Strange mutterings, and through the air anon
A low wild moan arose, which, gathering strength,
(Though strong in infancy, by storm-winds nurst),
In indistinct articulations burst,
Scattering the sheeted foam. Noon came at length,
Though 't was to meet the tempest at its worst—
To brave its fury; but when Eve looked down
From heaven, the winds were mute, and Nature's frown
Was soothed—and all was beauteous as at first!

And so it is with life, thought I. Till Mind
Assert its sway, and Fancy 'gins to crowd
Sweet imagery, Man—self-great, self-proud—
Lives but a life of chaos—almost blind;
'T is but a dream-existence youth can find,
Life's early morn is when the head is bow'd
Beneath the press of manhood—when our deeds
Speak of our natures—when the all-hopeful eye
Rivals the eagle's: but those hours soon fly,
Chas'd by dark clouds, and, haply, noon succeeds,
And all our poor heart-wishings scatter'd lie,
Wreck'd on life's stormy wave. But, travel on
The hours allotted, and with Eve is won
The Goal, and Peace is ours, in Peace—to die!

JOURNAL OF SCIENCE, INVENTIONS, AND IMPROVEMENTS.

METROPOLITAN SEWAGE MANURE COMPANY.

SOME time has elapsed since we invited the attention of our readers to the progress of this important and interesting undertaking. But the interval has not been idly spent. Its history is too long for detail now; suffice it, that the measure was deemed to be one of so much import to the public, and was so violently opposed by rivals, as well as by some prejudices, that the House of Commons appointed a public committee to investigate not only the scheme of this Company, but all other projects having the same object. That Committee sat for many days; and, after a patient examination of the various plans, and receiving a mass of evidence from the opponents as well as from the friends of the Company, has agreed to a report that expresses the warmest approval not only of the general design, but of the manner in which it is proposed to be carried out; and it recommends the scheme of the Metropolitan Sewage Company to the favourable consideration of Parliament, as a measure of vast national importance.

Thus all that we have ventured to say of it here has been amply justified by a committee of the House of Commons after a patient investigation of the entire subject. Next week we shall be enabled to present the report in full; and when the evidence is printed, we shall lay its most valuable results before our readers. The topic is a new one, but it is full of interest, and its importance to the community cannot be over-estimated.

THE NEW INSTRUMENT, THE SERPENTCLEIDE. — Our orchestras have lately received a valuable addition in a new instrument of the above name, which has been introduced by M. Jullien. It combines, in a superior degree, the excellencies of the serpent and the ophicleide, possessing the power of the one and the softness of the other; and whether considered, either as a bass or as a solo instrument, it is of great value. The serpentcleide is the invention of Mr. Charles Huggett, and is played in the Covent Garden Orchestra by M. Prospere, who, we hear, considers it will prove a complete *remplacement* to the ophicleide.

SIMPLE FILTERING VESSEL. — On a small scale an efficient filtering vessel may be formed of a common garden-pot, well burnt, and with holes in the bottom; the lower part to be filled with round pebbles, then some smaller pebbles, then some coarse sand, and finally a stratum of pounded charcoal of three or four inches thick; the use in large filters of broken shells interposed between the gravel and sand, is a great improvement, inasmuch as the fragments being flat overlap each other, and counteract the tendency of the sand to settle amongst the gravel, thus preserving a free percolation through the lower strata. — *The Builder*.

DESIGNS REGISTRATION. — A return has been printed, shewing the number of registration of designs, and the branches of manufacture under which they were registered. From the 1st of July, 1839, to the 31st of December, 1840, inclusive, under the Act 2 & 3 Victoria, c. 17, 154 designs were registered at a cost of 277l. 4s. From the 1st of January to the 31st of December, 1840, there were registered 352, for which 682l. 10s. was paid. In the ensuing year the number was 495, and the expense 998l. 11s. From January to August, 1842, the number was 420, and the expense 926l. 2s. From September to December, in the same year, 1,953, and the cost of registration 572l. 15s. In the year following the number 10,118, and the charge 1,920l. 5s. From January to December, 1844, the number of designs was 10,635, and the sums paid for registering 1,982l. 3s; whilst for the year ending December, 1845, the number was 8,609, and the charge 1,830l. 8s. From January to April last there were 2,239 designs registered, and the expense 484l.

PARIS ACADEMY OF SCIENCES. — JUNE 22. — M. Pélouze, made a communication on the subject of the copper, bronze, and bell-metal coins in circulation in France, and the amount of copper that is represented by them. The nominal value of this circulating medium is estimated at 30,000,000 of francs. Of the total weight, the sous, according to M.

Pelouze, amount to 6,191,100 kilogrammes; and, in his analysis gives him for copper coin 929 of copper to the 1,000, he estimates the total weight of copper at 5,739,750 kilos. M. Pelouze divides the copper, or mixed coin of which copper forms the base, into three classes. The first comprises the red sous of the reigns of Louis XV. and Louis XVI. They contain 995 of pure copper to the 1,000. In the second class he ranges the two sous pieces of bell-metal, copper, and tin. His estimate of the copper is 860 to the 1,000. They contain also a very small portion of zinc, lead, and antimony, and sometimes traces of iron and arsenic are found in them. The third class consists of the red sous and double sous, with the effigy of liberty. These contain 960 parts of copper to the 1,000. A model of a turbine, stated to be the invention of M. Fouval, but manufactured by Messrs. Koechlin and Co. was presented to the Academy; and an account given of the effects of the machine, by the scientific persons appointed to witness the experiments,—which was favourable to the inventor.—An invention by an Italian engineer was, also, spoken of. It is a water-mill, of from 5 to 50-horse power, worked by an artificial water-fall, and which can be placed up as a motive power in any manufactory,—occupying a small space, requiring little labour, and of course producing vast economy as compared with the steam-engine, as it requires no combustible. The machine consists of eight pumps, worked with great ease by a single man (it is said that two men would suffice for an 8-horse power machine,) by means of an admirably disposed counterbalance system. The pumps supply a reservoir placed at a proper height above the water-wheel, as in the case of a natural fall; and the water falling upon the wheel to which the strap for the machinery of the manufactory is affixed, the whole goes round and puts the machinery in motion. The paradox of this invention is the return of the water to the fountain-head in such a way as to keep up a continuous fall.

JOURNAL OF MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

Mesmerism in India, and its Practical Application in Surgery and Medicine. By JAMES ESDAILE, M.D. Civil Assistant Surgeon, H.C.S. Bengal. London, 1846. Longman and Co.

"It moves for all that!"

This exclamation of GALILEO, when he signed his compulsory recantation of the heresy respecting the revolution of the earth, must continually recur to the advocates of new truths when suffering under the proscription of the self-constituted inquisition of that great majority of society who are under the dominion of ignorance or interest. "It moves for all that." Nature will not be moulded according to men's prejudices or passions. A truth remains a truth, though all the world agree to call it a lie, and error is not the less error though every learned body in Christendom certify to its veracity. Hypotheses and theories may be talked about and fought about as long as we will, and then we shall be as far from a satisfactory conclusion as ever. The strongest party may extirpate the weakest by sword and faggot, and so triumph, and the beaten doctrine will die with its apostles, and be forgotten. But it is not so with science, which is a question of fact, to be resolved by evidence, not by argument or fisty-cuffs. The fact is, even if there be not one human eye to see, one human mind to give it credence. Vain is the attempt to disprove it by a show of argument, or by pronouncing it impossible. We who have lived to conduct conversations with our friends fifty miles apart, question and answer conveyed in a minute—who travel 200 miles in four hours, and see shadows caught and fixed indelibly on plates of hard metal, have no right, *à priori*, to pronounce anything impossible that is not contradictory in terms, or mathematically absurd. Fools only will venture now to deny any facts asserted by men of veracity, as the result of their observations of nature, on the single ground that they are strange—inexplicable, or without the range of ordinary experience. The same sources of knowledge

are open to all. He who would deny must first qualify himself to do so by actual investigation. No other answer will suffice than this, "I have sought diligently, but I could not find." Other weapons may be resorted to; old faiths may seek to clamour down the new facts, by abusing their believers. Their success will be but temporary. The facts will survive. "It moves for all that!"

So has it been with mesmerism. If abuse could have killed, it would have died a hundred deaths. If arguments *à priori* had been an answer to a fact, it would have been annihilated long ago. If persecution of those who have believed what they have tried and proved could have suppressed an inconvenient truth, mesmerism would not now be known, save in a volume of vulgar errors and popular delusions. It has been persecuted and proscribed by the profession which, to its shame it must be said, has ever waged war against the progress of discovery, and whose annals are one continuous record of obstinate attempts to suppress great truths which have ultimately compelled the allegiance even of their foes. It is a curious fact that whatever advancement has been made in the science of physiology, has been effected in spite of the profession whose peculiar business it is to investigate it, and not by help of it. Nay, if it would have had its will, it would in every instance have stifled the discovery and ruined the discoverers.

But again their efforts have failed. Mesmerism lives still, in spite of the London University, and the *Lancet*, Dr. FORBES, and the *Athenæum*. Nay, it not only lives, but it grows apace. Some ridicule it, some abuse it, some preach against it, some talk against it; and because the newspapers are not so full of it as they were when Miss MARTINEAU's case was under discussion, some silly people imagine that it is defunct; that Dr. FORBES has destroyed whatever remnants of vitality the *Athenæum* had left in it. They who thus think, know not the manner of Truth's progress, usually most rapid when most silent. It is not in the moment of controversy that converts are made. It is when the heat of debate is over, and reason resumes her sway, that Truth is recognized and adopted. Hence it is that we so often see an apparently sudden change in public opinion, for which no immediate cause is apparent, and probably following a season of seeming apathy. So has it been with mesmerism. During the calm of the last twelvemonth it has been making way silently but surely in the minds of the thinking portion of the community. Go into any society, and ask the opinions of those present; they will admit that there is something in it—that it is founded in fact—that it is substantially true in the outline, though probably they would deny the details. Nor are there wanting more public evidences of the progress it is making. Its application to disease, and especially to the painless performance of surgical operations, is becoming more frequent; and *The Times*, usually a good index to the tendencies of the popular mind, has given them a prominent place in its columns, which indicates an approval of the subject. Baron REICHENBACH's researches have been widely circulated, and received with approval by most of the leading periodicals. Dr. ELLIOTSON has ventured to introduce the subject into the heart of the profession, into the very College of Physicians; and, instead of being hissed as he had expected, his remarks were received with marked approval and hearty cheering. The contributions of facts, and observations gathered week by week in *THE CRITIC*, are another proof of the wide-spread interest the subject has excited; and the greater portion of these communications have come from persons filling an influential position in society, and whose views must carry weight in wide circles. And now we have a volume, whose contents are transmitted from India, and which will be read with eagerness here, as the testimony of a gentle-

man in all respects qualified to be a witness, as the following account of it will shew.

It is edited by the Rev. DAVID ESDAILE, the brother of the physician by whom the notes were made. He informs us in his preface, that his brother is a medical officer in the service of the East-India Company. He went to India, and was induced to try the effect of mesmerism upon the natives. He had never read a book upon the subject, and knew no more of it than he had gleaned from occasional paragraphs in the newspapers. He had, therefore, to pursue his investigations after his own fashion. This is obvious from his accounts of his experiments. Had he known what had been effected by other observers, he might have elicited many other phenomena; and he would not have reported much that is common to every patient. His success surprised himself. He seems to think that the natives of Bengal are more susceptible to the influence than those of other countries. But if he had tried it here with the same perseverance, he would have found the same results. The facts he has noted in this volume are, he says, the result of only eight months' practice in a country charity hospital; the results shew, he continues, "the singular and most beneficial influence that mesmerism exerts over the constitution of the people of Bengal; and that *painless* surgical operations and other medical advantages are their natural birthright, of which I hope they will be no longer deprived."

Our only objection to this is the seeming assumption that the advantages of mesmerism are the *peculiar* birthright of the people of Bengal. They are the inheritance of all people of all countries, and would prove as fertile in blessings here, as there—to the afflicted Christian equally with the suffering Hindoo.

It has been stated that the practice recorded in this volume extended over a period of eight months only, and during this short period, Dr. ESDAILE was enabled by means of mesmerism to perform no less than *seventy-six* surgical operations without pain, and to relieve eighteen cases of disease!

Before we enter upon the details of this volume, let us remark generally, that the operations included some extremely difficult and painful ones, such as amputation of the arm and breast, the actual cautery, great toe-nails cut out by their roots, and the removal of tumours, weighing from 8 lbs. to 80 lbs. The diseases cured were mostly those of the nervous system, but there are also two cases of acute inflammation, and two of rheumatism.

From the subject-matter of its contents, this volume has much that will interest the medical man more than the general reader, and the scientific reports of cases will not serve the purpose of extract. But Dr. ESDAILE has not limited himself to a report of his medical experiences. He has added some general remarks, and some notes of other phenomena observed in his patients, and from these we shall take the passages which, in illustration of the volume, we purpose, according to custom, to lay before our readers, adding such commentaries as we go along as the subject of the moment may suggest. In this manner we shall not attempt to compress our review into a single notice, but we purpose to return to the volume from time to time, as leisure may permit, or inclination prompt. Good books on mesmerism are so rare, that when we find one, we can afford to dwell upon it longer than upon works of general literature, and we need not say that *this* is one of the most valuable of modern contributions to the science, because it is a record of *facts*, and as yet facts are to be recorded; the time for theorising upon them will come presently.

Dr. ESDAILE commences with a chapter of general commentary upon the subject, and we take the opening paragraph to shew the *animus* of the writer:—

On the first broaching of any new branch of knowledge, there is ever a great commotion and combination among the old-established schools, which have thriven on the wisdom of their ancestors, and desire nothing more than "*stare super vias antiquas*," satisfied with things as they are, and content to "let well alone;" and there is also a general dislike in society to have its mind unsettled, and to be called upon to think again about matters supposed to have been set at rest long ago. We have the same affection for old familiar ideas that we entertain for old coats, shoes, and hats, because they humour the peculiarities of our constitutions. But I hope the time has at last come for the public, and the medical profession, to listen patiently to a medical man, while he relates facts that have fallen under his observation regarding mesmerism, and for the truth of which he pledges his private and professional character, as I hereby do.

His experience will be valued on the

QUALIFICATIONS OF A MESMERISER.

If asked to select a natural Mesmeriser, I should be disposed to choose a person of a high organisation, in whom the nervous and circulating systems were equally active, with a determined will, a resolution to do the thing if possible, and a love of truth and humanity, that would induce him to "do for love what gold could never buy." But, when the way has been shewn, far less energy of mind and body is quite sufficient for all practical purposes. Healthy young persons who are tractable and patient, and who will give the necessary degree of attention, can be made to work out our intentions in the most efficient manner; and I hope to make it appear that the mesmeric power is a far more general gift of nature than has hitherto been supposed. Finding it impossible, after the first month, to prosecute the subject in my own person, owing to the great bodily and mental fatigue it caused,—for I spared neither,—I set to work my hospital attendants, young Hindoos and Mahomedans; and such has been my success, that every one I have taught has become a skilful Mesmeriser. Now I do not need to mesmerise at all, having a dozen assistants to execute my wishes, whether it be in the mesmeric treatment of medical cases, or for procuring coma in surgical operations.

There is more novelty in the Doctor's observations as to the

SUSCEPTIBILITY OF THE NATIVES OF BENGAL.

The people of this part of the world seem to be peculiarly sensitive to the mesmeric power; and as it has been observed that a depressed state of the nervous system favours its reception, we can understand why they, as a body, should be more easily affected than Europeans. Taking the population of Bengal generally, they are a feeble, ill-nourished race, remarkably deficient in nervous energy; and natural debility of constitution being still further lowered by disease, will probably account for their being so readily subdued by the mesmerist. Their mental constitution also favours us: we have none of the morbid irritability of nerves, and the mental impatience of the civilised man, to contend against; both of which resist and neutralise the efforts of nature. The success I have met with is mainly to be attributed, I believe, to my patients being the simple, unsophisticated children of nature; neither thinking, questioning, nor remonstrating, but passively submitting to my pleasure, without in the smallest degree understanding my object or intentions. How far artificial man may have forfeited his birthright I have not yet had the means of knowing; but out of the small number of Europeans who have come under my observation, the majority have also succumbed to the influence.

It is necessary to understand what kind of persons they were on whom the operations were performed. Dr. ESDAILE thus describes them:—

My patients, being the poorest and most ignorant of the people, and convicted felons from the same degraded orders, are the most unfavourable subjects for psychological experiments. As to *physique*, men are nearly the same all the world over: an universal vital law reduces all to the same level of animal, and the coolly, therefore, may be able to mesmerise the philosopher; but the difference in *morale* is so great, not only

among races, but individuals, as to preclude all sympathy, and to often amount to actual antipathy, and mutual repulsion. Although in producing the physical effects of mesmerism, I have not seen any necessity for the sympathy and *rappor*t we read so much about, I can readily understand, that in eliciting the higher mental phenomena, these fine mental sympathies may be developed, and be necessary for the success of the abnormal mental manifestations; but my patients and I have probably too little in common to admit of mental sympathy between us. It will be seen, however, in the chapter on Somnambulism, that I have created a singular *bouleversement* in the minds of coolies and pariahs even, when under the mesmeric influence.

The first successful experiment of the Doctor was purely accidental; there was no consent on the part of the patient; the Doctor did not believe in his own power, knowing nothing more of mesmerism than he had read in the newspapers; the patient was absolutely ignorant of what was done, and having never heard of mesmerism was incapable of imitating the phenomena. It was performed in the presence of sceptical Europeans and ignorant Hindoos, and all bore testimony to the facts after their own fashion, but all agreeing in substance.

But we have exceeded our limits. We pause here, purposing to return to this volume next week.

MESMERIC INFIRMARY.

It is with pleasure we announce that an influential and numerous meeting of the noblemen and gentlemen who have satisfied themselves by investigation that Mesmerism is a fact in nature, and a power extensively applicable to the cure of disease, was held on Thursday at the residence of the Right Honourable Earl DUCIE, when the preliminary steps were taken by the formation of a committee for the establishment of an institution in the Metropolis for the practical application of Mesmerism to the cure of disease, and performance of surgical operations without pain. Earl DUCIE accepted the office of President. Many names of high station and of undoubted intellect were placed upon the list of vice-presidents and committee, among which, our readers will be pleased to learn, were the distinguished ones of Lord MORPETH and Mr. MONCKTON MILNES, M.P. A liberal subscription was entered into, and arrangements made for immediately carrying out the purposes of the meeting. Further particulars will be given hereafter, and next week, perhaps, we shall be enabled to present the list of officers and patrons, which will be such as to astonish those who have imagined that Mesmerism was "put down" by the falsehoods and abuse of its opponents. We hasten now merely to announce the fact of such an institution being in progress under such auspices, and to bespeak for it the immediate and liberal aid of all throughout the kingdom who desire to relieve the sufferings of their fellow-creatures. We shall be happy to receive any subscriptions, donations, or promises of aid, and forward them to their destination. It should be added, that the institution is to be *strictly limited* to the cure of disease and the relief of suffering. Those who purpose to assist it should do so promptly.

MESMERISM IN DISEASE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC.

SIR,—As an illustration of the practical and easy application of mesmerism in disease, I beg to present you with the following case. Intending on Friday last to oblige a few friends by showing them some experiments in this science, I called on Mrs. SMITH for the purpose of requesting the favour of her allowing her son (whom I have frequently mesmerised) to attend as a patient; she, however, informed me that it was utterly impossible that Tom (her son) could attend, as he was laid up in bed, and had lost the use of his limbs in consequence of incautiously bathing. Acting, however, upon my own faith in mesmerism, I offered to mesmerise him, at the same time expressing a hope that he would be benefited by the operation. It was, therefore, arranged that in an hour's time I should call again, when they would endeavour to get him up. At the appointed time I

found that Master SMITH had been got up and carried from his bed to the drawing-room, where he was reclining on a chair, utterly incapable of walking, or in any way of using his legs; in addition to which he had a violent pain in his head. I threw him into the mesmeric sleep in about five seconds, and then made the appropriate passes all down his person, directing my attention particularly to his legs; this I continued for about one minute, when finding that his limbs had regained their usual strength and activity, I demesmerised him, and found that his legs were perfectly restored to their ordinary active state, and that he was enabled to use them with entire freedom. I again mesmerised him, with the view to improving the condition of his head, and, on awakening him the pain there had nearly subsided. Having thus restored him, I was enabled not to disappoint my friends, before whom I afterwards mesmerised him. He has remained quite well since, and has not had the slightest return of his indisposition. How much, sir, is it to be regretted, that this science is not more practised; how much to be desired that every family would make use of it on all fitting occasions. Here was a lad laid up in bed and wholly incapable of using his limbs restored to health and activity and enabled to run about, by a painless and simple operation, effected in one minute, when, probably, had he been subjected to the ordinary medical treatment, weeks, and probably months, would have elapsed before he would have been restored to health, and then, perhaps, only in a very shattered condition. These cures are of ordinary occurrence, and are almost as certain as they are simple. I could adduce numerous similar instances, but am not at liberty to make use of names. Master SMITH is about 15 years of age.

Ivy Cottage, Lyncombe Hill, Bath,
5th July, 1846.

T. W. S.

MESMERISM AND CLAIRVOYANCE.—During the course of last winter, in one of the mesmeric *soirées* given by the celebrated medical somnambulist, La Marquise de San Milan Tecmen, in her residence, 18, Rodney-terrace, a lady of rank, the Hon. Mrs. ———, being present, having seen nothing of animal magnetism, and of course a sceptic, permitted a gentleman, who is a mesmeriser, to try upon her, but determined as much as possible to resist the influence, she sat down in the full blaze of a lamp, amidst the noise of conversation and of visitors coming in, but it was all in vain; she dropped into the somnambulant sleep, which lasted about twenty minutes. On her awaking she appeared surprised, and exclaimed "I do believe I have been asleep, how very strange!" After that she was put *en rapport* with the Marquise, and, putting a Turquoise ring into her hand, asked her to be so kind as to tell her something of its history. The mesmerised lady, after turning it about in her fingers, and applying it to her forehead, was silent for the space of a few seconds. At last she said, "This ring was given to you by a gentleman—he is not your husband, but had very nearly been." She then went on to say that he had several wounds in his left side, putting at the same time her hand to her own side to intimate the part affected, and as if she were feeling—"It is extraordinary," said she, appearing perplexed, "but he is very stiff and cold. Oh!" cried she, after a pause greatly agitated, "I now see he is dead!" and threw the ring from her in horror. The lady, who had not interrupted her by a single question, but merely assented from time to time, was much amazed, and scarcely less agitated, assuring the company present that all the somnambulist had said was perfectly true; she had lost a friend, a colonel, some time back who had those wounds in his side, and that the ring was given to her by him some time before his death. To those who have made mesmeric phenomena their study this fact will be interesting, for no unprejudiced person looking on could have doubted its truth, but to those who are blinded by prejudice no proof would be sufficient—to them we do not address this narrative.—Communicated by a lady to the *Cheltenham Examiner*.

"The following extraordinary incident is stated in a country paper:—'On the 10th instant, as a gentleman of Scarborough and a party of friends were fishing for pike, they hooked, and succeeded in securing, a pike of the enormous weight of 54 lbs. in which were found four full-grown wild ducks, all of which were, with the pike, dressed for the table!' 1810.—X. Y. Z. —*Literary Gazette*."

Heirs-at-Law, Next of Kin, &c. Wanted.

[This is part of a complete list now being extracted for THE CRITIC from the advertisements that have appeared in the newspapers during the present century. The reference, with the date and place of each advertisement, cannot be stated here without subjecting the paragraph to duty. But the figures refer to a corresponding entry in a book kept at THE CRITIC Office, where these particulars are preserved, and which will be communicated to any applicant. To prevent impertinent curiosity, a fee of half-a-crown for each inquiry must be paid to the publisher, or if by letter, postage stamps to that amount inclosed.]

175. HEIR-AT-LAW OF CHARLES LEWIS, of the parish of Trelawney, Cornwall, in the Island of Jamaica (died 17th June, 1832), or their representatives.
176. HEIR, or HEIRS-AT-LAW and NEXT OF KIN OF SALONE TURST, late of John-street, Tottenham-court-road, St. Pancras, Middlesex, splinter (died March 1805), or their representatives.
177. FRANCIS SHARP, son of Francis Sharp, late of Grantham, Lincolnshire, gentleman, deceased. *Something to advantage.*
178. JOHN WHITE, formerly of Water-lane, City of London, breeches maker, nephew of George King, late of Wildon, Northamptonshire, gentleman, deceased, or Children of said J. White. *Something to advantage.*
179. NEXT OF KIN OF MARY WALL, formerly of Leicester-square, widow (died 1787), and of JAMES WALL, hatter, son of said Mary Wall, who in 1794 resided in Duke-street, Oxford-street. *Something to advantage.*
180. WILLIAM MANSALLS, who in or about the year 1832 resided in Tooley-street, in the Borough of Southwark. *Something to his advantage.*
181. PHILIP STEPHENSON, formerly of Liverpool, and afterwards a private in the 17th foot, and who was discharged at his own request at Sydney, New South Wales, on the 31st July, 1833. *Something to advantage.*
182. NEXT OF KIN OF THOMAS MOORE (died October, 1798), and who formerly resided at Plymouth, and NEXT OF KIN of testator's widow, ANN MOORE (died April 1829), or their representatives.
183. ANN, wife of JOHN NIVEN, formerly of High-street, Borough, victualler; SUSANNA, wife of CHARLES SHEPARD, formerly of Philpot-lane, London; ANN, wife of ROBERT STEWARDSON, formerly of Aldermanbury, London, warehouseman; ELIZABETH, wife of JOSEPH STEWARDSON, formerly of the Borough, linen draper, or their representatives. *Something to advantage.*
184. JAMES CURRIE, son of the late James Currie Carlyle, esq. of Bridekirk, city of Dumfries.
185. MR. IRENEE DE LACROIX, formerly superior officer, and Mrs. VERNEUIL RABOINT, his wife. *Something to advantage.*
186. NEPHEWS and NIECES of SAMUEL CROUCH, deceased, late of Battle, Sussex, yeoman (died March 1835), sons and daughters, or so reported, of his deceased brothers and sisters, viz. MARY HOGGINS, ESTHER WEAVER, WILLIAM CROUCH, JOHN CROUCH, THOMAS CROUCH, JAMES CROUCH, EDWARD CROUCH, SARAH LULHAM, STEPHEN CROUCH, and ANN BARKER.
187. HEIR-AT-LAW OF JOHN CLAYDON, late of Cambridge, coal merchant (died 11th February, 1834).
188. NEXT OF KIN OF JOHN DAY, late of Barming, in the county of Kent, yeoman (died 5th November, 1832), or their representatives.
189. BENJAMIN COOKE GRIFFENHOOF, who in 1818 resided at 8, New Ormond-street.

(To be continued weekly.)

BOOKSELLERS' CIRCULAR.**NOTICE TO BOOKSELLERS.**

A stamped copy of THE CRITIC sent by post to any Bookseller, or keeper of a Circulating Library, for his own use, at the cost of the stamp and paper only, on payment of not less than half-a-year's subscription (5s. 5d.) in advance, which may be transmitted in penny postage stamps.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.**ELIHU BURRITT, THE LEARNED BLACKSMITH.**

This extraordinary man arrived in Liverpool on Sunday morning, by the *Hibernia*, from the United States, and reached Manchester on Monday evening last. We understand that he intends spending about a fortnight in Manchester. As the fame of this extraordinary exemplar of "the pursuit of know-

ledge under difficulties" may not have reached all our readers, we may mention that he was born in Connecticut, in 1811, of humble but respectable parents; attended the district school for some months yearly, until the age of 16, when, his father dying, he was apprenticed to a blacksmith; at which trade he worked until he was 23; and after trying, for a year or two, teaching and other professions, which did not suit his health, he returned to his anvil, at which he still labours when at home, devoting all his leisure hours to literary pursuits. "By dint of hard labour, he has become a proficient in the most difficult languages of Asia, and in many of those languages of Europe which are now nearly disused and obsolete; among them are Gaelic, Welsh, Celtic, Saxon, Gothic, Icelandic, Russian, Slavonic, Armenian, Chaldaic, Syriac, Arabic, Ethiopic, Sanscrit, and Tamul! It was stated in a public meeting in 1838, by Governor Everett, that Mr. Burritt by that time, by his unaided industry alone, had made himself acquainted with 50 languages. Mr. Burritt shews no disposition to relax from his labours. He usually devotes eight hours to labour, eight hours to study, and eight hours to physical indulgence and repose; and, by pursuing this course, he enjoys the advantages—vainly coveted by many literary men—those connected with 'a sound mind in a healthy body.' Nor does he confine his labours to the mere acquisition of literary wealth—he also diffuses it with a liberal hand. He has written many valuable articles for periodicals of high standing; he has delivered many lectures which have been replete with interest and valuable information; and has been repeatedly listened to by large and highly respectable audiences in New York, Philadelphia, &c. with edification and delight." Mr. Burritt is now only 35 years of age, and he is visiting England partly to recruit his strength, and partly to see the English people with his own eyes, and judge for himself as to their character as developed at home. In one of his recent American publications Mr. Burritt gives the following notice of his intended journey through England:—

About the 1st of June, we propose, under certain conditions, to take steamer or packet for England. On our arrival, we propose to take a private hickory staff, and travel on, like Bunyan's pilgrim, through the country, at the rate of about ten miles a day. Passing thus leisurely on foot through the agricultural districts, we anticipate the opportunity of looking through the hedges and into the barn-yards; sometimes into the kitchens of the common people, once in a while into a blacksmith's shop to smite at the anvil. In fact, we intend to pull at every latchstring that we find outside the door or gate, and study the physiology of turnips, hayricks, cabbages, hops, &c. and of all kinds of cattle, sheep, and swine. We propose to avoid the lions of the country, and confine our walks to the low lands of common life; and to have our conversation and communion chiefly with the labouring classes. Perhaps we might get together a knot of them some moonshiny night and talk to them a little on temperance, peace, and universal brotherhood. During such a pedestrian tour we think we might see and hear some things which a person could not do while whizzing through the country on the railroad at the rate of 30 miles an hour.

Mr. Burritt is tall, thin, and of good address; and no one, from his external appearance, would guess him to be a blacksmith. He has a fine intellectual countenance; bright speaking eyes, animated features, and a broad expansive forehead. There is none of that remarkable fulness in the eye which phrenologists usually assign to the organ of language when developed in an extraordinary degree; and he is not by any means a fluent speaker. Elihu Burritt is chiefly known in this country as the great advocate of peace principles in the United States, and he is continually publishing small printed slips called "Olive leaves," which are printed in incredible quantities, and reprinted in about 300 American newspapers. But he is also a most earnest and thorough free-trader, regarding commercial freedom as the great messenger and bond of peace amongst nations. He mentioned the other evening having received from a friend in the far-west a letter descriptive of the abundance of the crops there. Corn was growing in profusion up to the threshold of the door, yet the inhabitants of that district were so miserably clad, that they had hardly shoes to their feet; and if they wanted to purchase as much calico as could be obtained in Manchester for a shilling or two, they must carry a load of corn a distance of 70 miles, in order to obtain a little clothing. He avowed his strong conviction that the United States grew bread-stuffs enough to

supply the whole of the demand of this country. He expresses himself much pleased with England and with English hospitality, so far as he has seen the one and enjoyed the other; and was very much struck with what he regarded as the dense population of the country, as seen on the line of railway between Liverpool and Manchester, although this tract of country is generally regarded as sparsely peopled, owing to the mosses and other causes.—*Manchester Guardian*.

PENSION TO MR. McCULLOCH.—Independently of his most useful public services in the Stationery Office, at the head of which he stands with a liberal salary, it is stated that "one of the last ministerial acts of Sir Robert Peel was the recommendation of Mr. McCulloch to her Majesty for a pension of 200*l.*, as an acknowledgment of the value of his writings on political economy."

Alderman Michael Stainston has been unanimously elected Lord Mayor of Dublin. Mr. Stainston has been all his life connected with the Irish newspaper press, as editor and proprietor of the *Morning Register* and *Weekly Register* newspapers. He has always borne a high and honourable character, and his elevation is a compliment to the man and to the Irish newspaper press.

MR. HALLIWELL AND THE BRITISH MUSEUM.—The trustees of the British Museum have done themselves credit, and Mr. Halliwell justice, by restoring him to the privilege of reading there. We are not of those who like to rip up grievances, and shall therefore only say, it is a matter of public congratulation that the persecution, during the long period of eighteen months, of one of the most diligent and accomplished literary antiquaries, and most amiable persons of the present day in private life, should have ceased in a manner honourable to his character. Society, we feel assured, will be prompt and generous in making amends to his lacerated feelings, and look with an increase of interest to his future productions.

VIDOCQ'S LAST TRICK.—Most of the Paris journals announced some months ago that the celebrated Vidocq was dead. The *Democratie Pacifique*, in giving this news, followed it up with certain reflections, which he considered to be a libel, and commenced thereupon an action against the responsible editor. The case came yesterday before the Correctional Tribunal, and the editor, not appearing, was condemned in default to pay a fine of 50*fr.*—*Galignani's Messenger*.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE DAILY NEWS.

SCIENTIFIC LORD MAYORS.—Sir,—I have read to-day your remarks upon the dinner which the Lord Mayor is about to give to the office-bearers of the Scientific Societies. Agreeing with their general tenor, I must yet protest against one implied opinion which you seem to hold in common with most persons who have not paid special attention to the history of science. That opinion is that such a disposition as that shown by the present Lord Mayor is a novelty in English history. From Fitz-Alwyn downwards, you think that no Lord Mayor ever showed any sympathy with science. As early as before the dissolution of the monasteries, there was a young man at Oxford, who, to use the words of Anthony Wood, "did spend some time among the muses in this University, as others did who were afterwards traders in London." This young man, Henry Billingsley by name, was removed from Oxford to be bound apprentice to a hosier, which meant a breeches-maker. He was afterwards sheriff, alderman, and Mayor. In 1570 appeared his translation of the whole of Euclid's elements into English, being the first of the kind; it was reprinted in 1661. Part of the work was done, there is reason to suppose, by Whitehead, an Augustine friar, whom he sheltered in his house after the dispersion of the monks. John Dee, best known as a magician, but really one of the best English mathematicians of his time, wrote the preface. A quarter of a century after this, his fellow-citizens saw no objection to placing the translator of Euclid in their chair, even though he was the intimate friend of at least two of those, whom you seem to think an alderman could hardly know by name. The time is coming when there will be nothing more wonderful in a London trader being a man of the highest kind of liberal education than there was in the 15th century. We have had in our own time a tailor, Francis Place, who was distinguished by his acquirements, and he was looked upon as a wonder. I cannot find that his

contemporaries thought there was any thing very extraordinary in Billingsley, the breeches-maker, translating Euclid. The first man who attempted to make systematic remarks upon the law of human mortality was a citizen of London, John Graunt, of Birch-lane; his book was published in 1662. But there seems to have been a little doubt about admitting him into the Royal Society, for both Sprat and Birch inform us that after his election, "His Majesty gave this particular charge to his society, that if they found any more such tradesmen they should be sure to admit them all without any more ado." In the 18th century, in which every stupid prejudice was everywhere triumphant, tradition runs that Benjamin Martin, one of the most distinguished elementary writers of his day, was not elected of the Royal Society, because he kept a shop. The 19th century will vote Billingsley, the breeches-maker, worth a hundred men of fashion and finery, whether lords or lamplighters. Yours, B. E. N. Friday, July 3.—[Our correspondent appears slightly to have misapprehended the drift of our remarks. We had no intention to insinuate that the civic chair had never been filled by men of cultivated intellects, who sympathized with letters. We merely said that at the "gaudy days" of the corporation the homage paid to rank or valour had never before been extended to letters, and that this innovation did honour to the magistrate who first ventured upon it. In addition to the striking case mentioned by our correspondent, the library founded by Whittington occurs to us, and the Gresham College, the Merchant Tailors', and St. Paul's schools amply testify the esteem that London citizens have ever had for learning.—Ed. D. N.]

ERRORS OF THE PRESS.—Our contemporary, the *Silurian*, has the following:—"Owing to a column having been accidentally laid on the press uncorrected, several errors passed in a few copies of last week's impression before they were noticed. Among others, our 'devil,' with his head, we suppose, full of Irish matters, had stated, that 'refreshing showers' had given an impulse to 'agitation,' instead of 'vegetation;' and, worse still, the impious wretch had, in the same column, thrown the 'altar,' instead of a 'halter,' at a horse's head."

A TIPPERARY MAN A NEW ZEALAND CHIEF.—It is stated that Heki, the New Zealand chief, who has given such opposition to the British authority in that colony, is a native of the county of Tipperary. His real name is Hickey. He emigrated from Ireland some years ago, and was shipwrecked on the coast of New Zealand, and taken into the interior of the island by a hunting party of the natives, and sold as a slave to one of the chiefs, who adopted him as his son, got him tattooed, and gave him his daughter in marriage. On the death of the old chief, his Irish son-in-law was chosen as his successor, on account of his skill in war. Previous to his elevation to the high rank he now holds, he changed his name from Hickey to Heki, the latter harmonizing better with the language of the aborigines.—*Tipperary Free Press*.

REGISTER OF NEW PUBLICATIONS,

From July 4 to July 11.

NOTICE TO BOOKSELLERS.

A Register lies at THE CRITIC OFFICE, in which the Publishers of Books, Music, and Works of Art, in town and country, are requested to enter all new publications, with their sizes and prices, as soon as they appear. The weekly list will be regularly inserted in this department of THE CRITIC, and no charge will be made either for registration or for publication in THE CRITIC. Particulars forwarded by letter will be duly inserted.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Appendix to Smart's Walker's Pronouncing Dictionary, 8vo. 3*s.* 6*d.* swd.—Abbotsmere, by Mary Gertrude, fcap. 8vo. 6*s.* cl.—Allen's (Geo.) Christian's Songs in the House of his Pilgrimage, 2nd series, 12mo. 3*s.* cl.
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A Constant Reader.—We think there is a misapprehension on the subject of "The Pauper's Last Drive;" we do not remember, nor can we find, that it appeared in the columns of this Journal.

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(Signed) HUGH MACDONALD.

This declaration made before me, at Bay Fortune, the 3rd day of September, 1845.

JOSEPH COFFIN, Justice of the Peace.

The above case of Hugh Macdonald, of Lot 55, came personally under my observation; and when he first applied to me to get some of the medicines, I thought his case utterly hopeless, and told him that his malady had got such hold that it was only throwing his money away to use them. He, however, persisted in trying them, and to my astonishment I find what he has aforesaid stated to be perfectly correct, and consider the case to be a most wonderful cure.

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